THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

VOL. XXII. NO. 229 | PORTSMOUTH, N. H., SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1907. | The Portsmouth Daily Republican merged with The Herald, July 1, 1906. | PRICE 2 CENTS

KITTERY LETTER

Newsy Items From Across The River

HAPPENINGS IN OUR BUSY SISTER TOWN

Various Paragraphs Of Social An Personal Interest

GOSSIP OF A DAY COLLECTED BY OUR CORRESPONDENT

Kittery, June 29.

It is not realized what great good is being done the lobster fishery by the United States fish commisson along the Maine and New Hampshire coasts. Six million fry have been liberated in this vicinity within a week and half as many more will be set free in a few days. The fishermen in this locality will soon profit by the increased supply, which increases so rapidly that there is now practically no danger of their extinction. The fish commission people deserve the heartfelt thanks of all mankind for rescuing the dainty shellfish from destruction.

Prof. A. D. F. Hamlin of Columbia University, New York, and family, now at the Parkfield Hotel, have rented their cottage, the Barnacle, at York Harbor and will occupy C. F. Hussey's cottage at The Intervene for the season.

William R. Parker of North Kittery is critically ill.

The yard water front is unusually busy just now. There are tied up there the Marcellus, Yankee, Sterling, Eagle, Newport, Marietta, Nezinscot, Hannibal, Don Juan de Austria, Castine, Topeka and Southery, besides numerous ferries, lighters and barges.

Kittery Point

Mrs. Roland Thaxter of Cambridge has arrived at her cottage at Cutts Island.

Grover Tuttle, who has been working in town for several months, has returned to his home in New Durham, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Dodge of Salem arrived today at the Wasson cottage for the Summer.

Mrs. Ann Chambers, who has been visiting Mrs. Mary Lawrence, has returned to her home in Boston.

The tenement over Frisbee Brothers' store is nearly completed and Frank C. Frisbee expects to move his family into it about July 15.

Sidney E. Frisbee, who has been working in Scituate, Mass., has returned home.

The water in the harbor and outside has been more brilliantly phosphorescent the past few evenings than for a long time. An evening spin is worth while even for this display alone.

On Sunday evening at seven o'clock there will be a union flag day service in the Second Methodist Church, under the auspices of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Rev. Edward H. Macy will give the address.

Members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union are requested to meet in the vestibule of the Second Methodist Church promptly at 6.45 o'clock Sunday evening.

Wallace Bowden and family of Lynn, Mass., came down in their automobile yesterday and passed the day here, returning last evening.

At the Second Christian Church, Rev. Edward Hallett Macy, pastor, on Sunday, the subject of the sermon at the service at 10.30 will be "Moses and His Call." Bible school, Baraca and Philathea classes at 11.50; Temperance Sunday service of Junior Christian Endeavor at four; Senior Christian Endeavor at six, subject, "Christ in Africa", leader Deacon Alexander Dennett. At seven, union service at Methodist Church, when

(Continued on fifth page).

OUR DASHING SUMMER GARMENTS

Suits, Skirts and Waists at Low Prices

You shouldn't miss these, if you like correct knowledge of new modes and fabrics.

Many radical changes from previous modes—new ideas and departures that reveal a wealth of choice in Summer Wearables.

Very distinctive in fashioning and exclusive in finishing—an exhibit so noteworthy in point of beauty and excellence that we receive the plaudits of our friends.

Indeed, we have prepared liberally of all that is newest and best—and now we invite your inspection. We await your pleasure.

White Duck Skirts, tucked $1.00, $1.50, $1.98, $2.25, $2.50
White Linen Skirts, all linen, tucked.....$3.75 and $5.00
White Muslin Suits, lace trimmed.....$2.75 and $2.98
White Lawn Suits, tucked waist and skirt and hemstitching.....$5.50 and $6.75
Khaki Suits.....$6.50
Khaki Cloth Skirts.....$2.98

Princess Dresses, in dotted Swiss and plain muslin.....$8.98, $10.00 to $15.00
White Net Dresses, trimmed with lace..$20.00, $22.50, $25.00
Chambray Suits, pink, blue and fancy, tucked or jumper style.....$2.25, $3.98, $5.50, $6.50

Shirt Waists

Muslin Waists, tucked and insertion trimmed, 3-4 sleeve. Big value at.....$1.00
Fine Tailored Linen Waists.....$2.25, $2.98, $3.

Muslin Wrappers

New line in White with Black Figure...$1.00 and $1.25
Figured Muslin Dresses, tucked waist and skirt.....$2.98

Bathing Suits

Ladies' Bathing Suit, brilliantine, trimmed with white braid.....$1.98
Brilliantine Suits, braid trimmed.....$2.25, $3.50, $3.98
Other Suits at.....$4.50 and $5.50
Bathing Shoes.....25c and 35c
Children's Bathing Suits, black brilliantine, braid trimmed.....$1.98

Kimonas and Dressing Sacks

Short Kimonas and Dressing Sacks, of figured lawns.....50c, 75c, 87c, $1.00
Long Kimonas, fancy muslin.....$1.00, $1.25, $1.50
Crepe Kimonas, long, all colors.....$2.50

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL PATTERNS

Geo. B. French Co.

A NOBLE PROJECT

Is That for a Memorial for Aldrich

CITY PROPOSES TO HONOR A FAMOUS SON

The Plan Has Been Received with Great Enthusiasm

ITS SUCCESS SEEMS TO BE ALREADY PRACTICALLY ASSURED

Portsmouth has entered upon a noble enterprise in the effort to establish a memorial for Thomas Bailey Aldrich. The man who as poet, novelist and essayist won a place among the greatest exponents of American literature should be honored by the city of his birth and Portsmouth proposes to show its appreciation of the splendid work of its immortal son.

Measures are now being taken to make the old home of Aldrich in this city a literary museum, the like of which the city never had before. This plan, first proposed by The Herald, has been received with enthusiasm and the family of the poet has offered to give all the assistance possible. This in itself should be sufficient to assure the success of the project and has, in fact, stimulated interest in a remarkable degree.

The Aldrich House

An active association to carry on the work is now in progress of organization and many promises of financial aid have been received. The Aldrich memorial is, apparently, assured, and when finally established is certain to prove a never-ending source of pleasure and profit to the people of the city and their guests.

FOGGS TO REUNITE

Members of Family Will Meet in Eliot August 30

On Thursday, August 30, the members of the Fogg family will have their sixth annual reunion in Eliot, where Daniel Fogg settled in 1775. Exercises will be held in the William Fogg library building.

Daniel Fogg was survived by nine children and to these fifty-nine other children were born. It is said that there are now in this country 3,000 of Daniel Fogg's descendants.

MATCHES CAUSED FIRE

A sailor's bag, with more matches than would be required for a good sized bonfire, took fire at the railroad station on Friday, while being transferred by the baggage masters to the Dover train. They quickly opened the kit and found that the matches had set fire to the other contents of the bag. A bucket of water was all that was necessary to quench the flames.

AT THE NAVY YARD

The new pleasure motor boat of Warrant Machinist Otto Johnson of the steam engineering department appears to have them all on the run.

The boilermakers are talking of the quiet marriage of one of the force, which they say recently occurred in Dover.

Admiral and Mrs. G. A. Bicknell are the guests of Senator Henry E. Burnham at his cottage at York Beach today.

Col. A. C. Kelton is in Washington in conference with the judge advocate general.

Patrick J. Keefe and Martin Meehan have been called as coopers in the construction and repair department.

The U. S. S. Newport sailed from the yard this morning at 9.30. Salutes were exchanged between the yard and the ship as she departed.

Fifteen thousand pounds of composition will be sent from this yard to the gun foundry at Washington on Monday.

The Marine baseball club and the Portsmouth team will play at The Plains, Portsmouth, this afternoon.

William L. Upton, laborer, John Jenkins, laborer, James S. Littlefield, painter, and I. S. Fletcher, fireman, have returned from sick leaves.

Wireman James Gerry of the yards and docks department and Edward Chesley of the general store, with bait and line, are hooking up all kinds of fish from the different lakes and streams of York county.

MORE PAY FOR RAILROAD MEN

Beginning July 1, reports have it that all section men who have been employed by the Boston and Maine railroad for one year will have their wages increased ten cents a day, giving them $1.70 for a day's work. Towermen get a raise of twenty-five cents and men in other branches of the train service come in for an advance.

PASSED BAR EXAMINATIONS

Among those who passed the examination for admission to the bar at Concord this week were Noah O. Faust of this city and Albert R. Hatch of Greenland. Another successful candidate for admission was Fred H. Brown of Somersworth, the noted baseball player.

THE WEATHER FOR TOMORROW

(Special to The Herald)

Washington, June 29—Showers and light variable winds are indicated for Sunday.

HANDSOME PARLOR CAR

The handsome parlor car Commonwealth was attached to the 12.45 p. m. train on Friday for York Beach, with a private party.

AMERICAN BRIDE

Is Claimed by Japanese Merchant

YORK HAS INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGE

K. O. Tsuboyama Very Quietly Weds Miss Ruth Matthews

MAN IS ABOUT FORTY AND HIS WIFE IS BUT FIFTEEN

York reports an international marriage between a well known Japanese Summer resident of that town and a young girl of American birth and parentage.

The happy bridegroom is K. O. Tsuboyama, a man about forty years old, who for fifteen years has conducted a store during the Summer months at York Beach, where he sells a variety of articles, many of them of Japanese manufacture. His business has been very successful and Tsuboyama is credited with his fair share of this world's goods.

Tsuboyama's bride is Miss Ruth Matthews, a girl fifteen years of age, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Matthews.

The marriage was a very quiet one and Miss Matthews had been Mrs. Tsuboyama for several days before the fact was even suspected. It is believed that the marriage occurred in Dover, but this is not certain.

The story was not generally credited when first circulated, but this morning the parents of the girl admitted its truth. Tsuboyama had for some time shown Miss Matthews considerable attention, but the difference in ages was such that few people had any idea that he contemplated an American marriage.

GREAT BIG SHOW

Forepaugh and Sells Brothers Circus is on the Way

The best circus of all, that of Adam Forepaugh and Sells Brothers, is coming to Portsmouth on July 15, with a show which has been so vastly improved and so filled with European novelties as to be an absolutely new thing in the way of a tented amusement.

There is not an old act to be seen in any of the three rings or on the two stages, and of the 300 performers the major portion are making their first tour of this country. The parade has been so vastly changed in character that it is in no wise like the antiquated pageantry of the average show, but instead, is a long splendid line of novelties and originality. The same newness that characterizes the parade is found in every detail of the organization. Especially is the spectacle of "Fighting the Flames," a new creation in entertainment, cost one million dollars to build, and the expenditure shows itself in a mimic city filling the arena of the tent with its domes and skyscrapers; in the streets thronging with pedestrians and vehicles, and in the great battery of metropolitan fire-fighting apparatus in the struggle with flames.

But the one great sensation of the age and the climax of all circus thrillers is the automobile somerset of Mlle. La Raque. The act is not to be compared with others of similar character. It is the utter limit of human daring and recklessness. Those who have seen the act say it tries the nerves of spectators to the very snapping point.

WILL BE MARRIED TODAY

The marriage of Dr. Herbert L. Taylor of this city and Miss Mabel A. Grundy of Lowell, Mass., will occur today in Boston.

ANOTHER DUMP IN THE WRONG PLACE

Judging from the germ laden rubbish lying in front of the residence at the corner of Green and Market streets, the occupants thereof should be introduced to the board of health as quickly as possible.

AN ODE

Written for the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of The New Hampshire Gazette.

A century and a half today
This paper has had part
In what makes history;
Has shown the progress of the world, in gain
Of Science and of Art,
And helped to mould the minds of men
In steadfast way
To thought unmarred by bigotry;
And has from time to time portrayed
Discoveries by genius made
Of liquid fires that flash the hours' events,
To distant continents,
And wonders, Scriptural foretold,
That have been all fulfilled, of chariots rolled
Harnessed to steeds invisible and strange,
And ships that once sailed seas alone
As with the sun their pathways to arrange,
Up to the blue Heavens blown:—
These things sublime conceived and then sublime achieved,
Upon this sheet were writ.
Rejoice, oh Granite State, rejoice in it.

This too was writ therein,
News of the muttered din
Of the uprising land
And War's dishevelment . Of men to slavery bound,
And brave New Hampshire's sons
Leaving their ploughshares for their guns
With impulse grand;
Who marched heroic to the battleground
From light of shining mountain top, to die
Yea, who were glad to die if death could buy
Their country's honor and the slaves release.
Of bloody victory, of war's surcease
And then, God's peace.
This was its message then.
Oh, Granite State rejoice, the sons ye reared were men, were men.

While time has flown
Hamlets once clover blown
Have into marvelous cities grown,
And commerce, like a vine
Has spread its branches, passing line on line,
Till the whole world, both near and far
Has come to know, how great America.
This sheet itself has sent
The tidings broadcast that its gates swing wide
For men to enter in and bide
Who longed for Liberty;
Who, neath the western sky
Watching the fields of golden grain
Aliens no more, have grown to be
Ranked with those born beneath the flag, in loyalty.
The land they till, behold
Rich in its grain and gold,
Rich, passing rich, in dauntless men
Upon its glorious future bent
Stands forth magnificent.
This also has been writ,
Oh, Granite State, rejoice, rejoice in it.

Hasn't it has borne along
The dreams of poets altered into song
That chance were read in cottage and in hall,
That like the sounds of bugles in the air,
Seeming to higher call,
Haply, uplifted souls to where
They saw through the clear ether shine
The hills divine.
The seeds this sheet has sown
May into perfect flowers have grown,
For influence sweeps on
Past all the generations dead.
On, even after Heaven is won,
Thus hath the prophet said,
For Truth once writ is everlasting writ
Its lamp once lighted is forever lit.
Oh, Granite State, oh wondering world, rejoice, rejoice in it.

C. E. WHITON-STONE.

GOES TO MANCHESTER

Alvah H. M. Curtis, formerly principal of the Whipple School in this city, has been elected principal of the Lincoln Street School in Manchester, the former principal, Louis H. Bailey, having resigned.

CHICKEN WAS ALL RIGHT.

How One Woman Was Cured of an Old Prejudice.

"But I never eat fried food," said my guest, raising her hand in protestation when I said in pleasantry: "I have fried a chicken to-day in your honor." "But if you eat my fried chicken and have faith in my assertion that it will not harm you, you will be glad that you tried it," I replied, and went on helping her to the second joint and a piece of the breast, and added a generous supply of cream gravy for the baked Jersey sweet which was offered on another small plate. It was a moment when friendship of long years seemed about to be strained, and I would not have placed my guest in the position of taking Hobson's choice had I not known and felt that she was in a half starved condition through fear that different sorts of food might harm her. She had been seriously ill nearly two years before and could not quite shake off the effect so far as a lingering fear that she could not do this or that without evil result. This fear was principally in regard to food and her menu was pitifully limited.

The chicken in question was young and tender and had been plunged into deep smoking hot fat until the outside was seared, then the kettle was set back where the cooking would go on more slowly and reach the bone. In reality it was more delicate than most broiled chicken, for almost no fat had been absorbed and there were no hard, burned or dried portions.

While we were deep in conversation about some pleasant matters my friend tasted and picked until only the bones remained on her plate. Then after a light dessert we went out for a walk in the fresh air, and minor interesting sights along the way prevented dwelling on the anticipated troubles and they did not become real. My friend afterward alluded to it as "a successful treatment." But she added: "I wouldn't risk any other cook's fried chicken." However, she had learned that the digestive organs and nerves bear quite close relation, and given well cooked food, fresh air, and absence of fear will help digestion to unaccustomed or forgotten tasks.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Tasty Mexican Dishes.

"101 Mexican Dishes" gives the following recipes: Take the sardines carefully from the box, skin and bone them and lay on brown wrapping paper until ready to use. Cut strips of bread a little longer and a little wider than the sardines, removing all crusts. Fry these in olive-oil a delicate brown. Lay a sardine on each piece and put in the oven until heated through. When ready to serve sprinkle each one with grated parmesan cheese and lay a thin slice of pimiento (green pepper) on top.

Line the sides of a baking dish with a light puff-paste; cover the bottom with sliced pineapple; next, a layer of peeled sliced oranges, then sliced bananas, and then a few thin slices of lemon. Sift a generous supply of sugar between the layers. Repeat the layers until the dish is full and cover the top layer with chopped nuts. Lay over the top narrow strips of pastry and bake slowly for an hour or more.

Pounded Cheese.

This is a reliable recipe which may be made up in quantities and packed down in small stone jars, covered, and set away in a cool place. Place in a mortar with three ounces of butter about a pound of good dry cheese and pound it to a paste. Into this mix a half tablespoonful of black pepper and a teaspoonful each of mustard (made mustard), ground spice and curry powder; add, also, a wineglassful of sherry, and the cheese is ready for use. It is tasty if served on slices of bread and sprinkled over with a little paprika.

Cream Cheese and Gooseberries.

This combination is one of the most palatable there is when it is a question of mixing cheese and fruit. It is much used for luncheons, as cream cheese is a sort of non-committal variety and the average woman is fond of it. Take one package of fresh cream cheese and beat in enough rich cream to make it soft and somewhat foamy. Pile it into a pyramid heap in the center of a plate and surround it with stewed gooseberries. The gooseberries should be cooked until they are quite done and plentifully sweetened. This is to be served on toasted rafines or water biscuits.

To Retain Color in Cotton Goods.

Delicate shades of cotton fabrics blues, pinks, lavenders and so forth, can be laundered and still be as pretty as new, if they are treated as follows, says the Housekeeper: Drop one teaspoonful of spirits of turpentine into one-half gallon of cold water, wet the goods thoroughly in this, wring dry and hang in the shade. When thoroughly dry it can then be laundered. There is no odor left from the use of the turpentine. This method has been tested time and again, and always with perfect results.

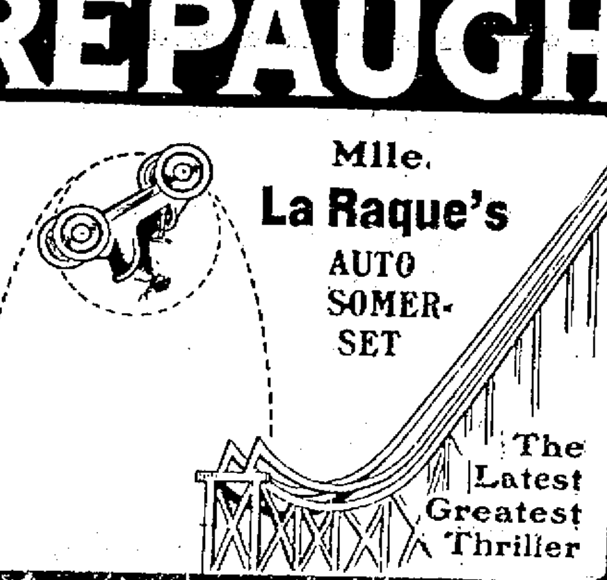
Dado Is Economical.

Nothing is more economical in wall decoration than a dado, says an authority on house decoration. As the lower part of the walls become soiled more quickly than the upper, a room can often be freshened simply by renewing the dado, without touching the upper walls. Another advantage of the dado is that it gives a room a comfortable and furnished appearance without the addition of a lot of furniture. This is particularly true of a hall or stairway where there is a lot of space that needs breaking up.

CIRCUS PORTSMOUTH MONDAY JULY 15

ADAM FOREPAUGH AND SELLS BROS. BIGGEST SHOW ON EARTH

A DEATH-MOCKING MARVEL AND WEAK WOMAN'S WONDERFUL SHOW OF NERVE AND NEVER EQUALED DARING



THRILLING, SENSATIONAL, BEWILDERING, GIGANTIC, NEW SPECTACLE

FIGHTING THE FLAMES

1,000 CHARACTERS

40 Famous Fire Fighters

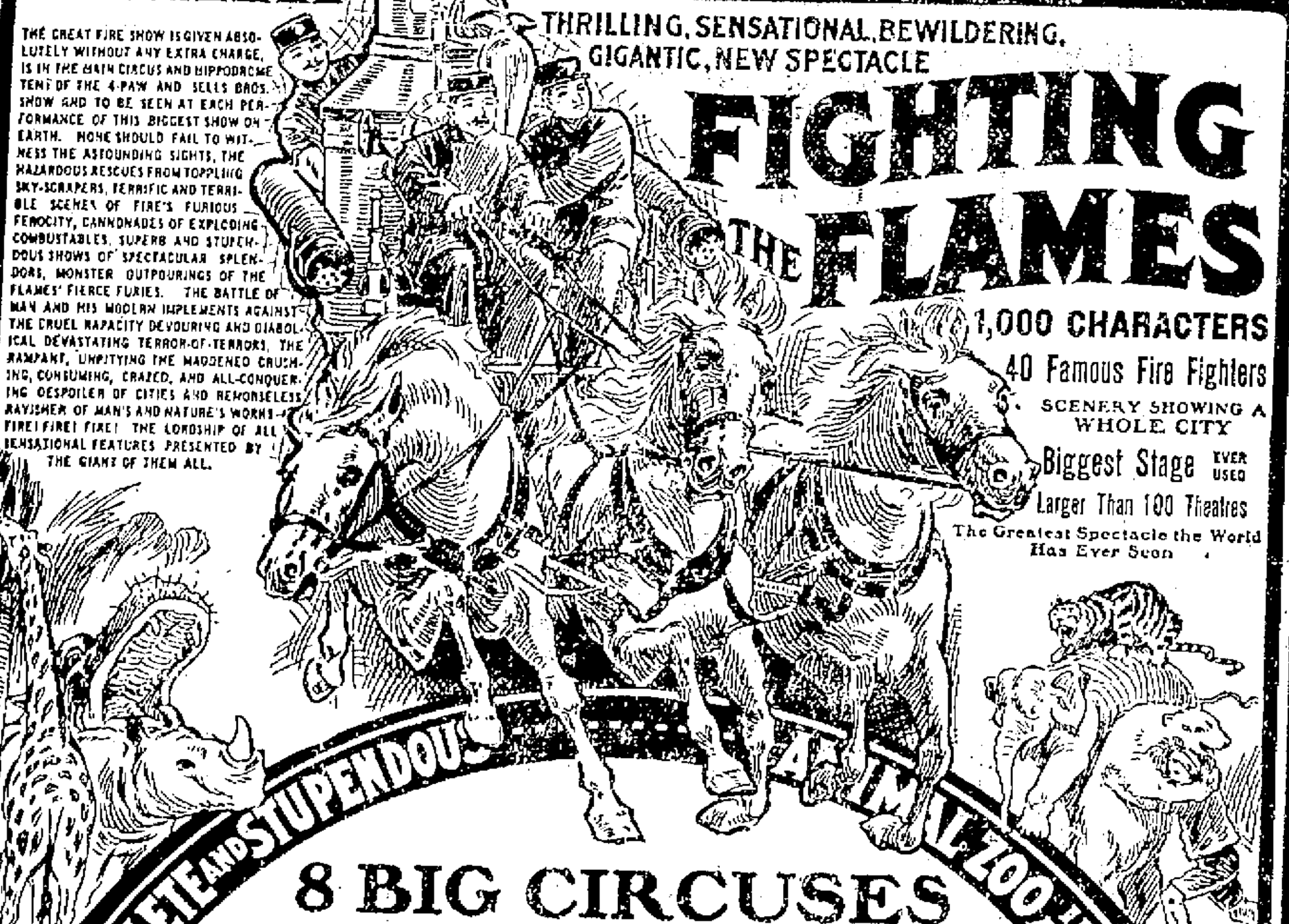
SCENERY SHOWING A WHOLE CITY

Biggest Stage EVER USED

Larger Than 100 Theatres

The Greatest Spectacle the World Has Ever Seen

THE GREAT FIRE SHOW IS GIVEN ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT ANY EXTRA CHARGE, IS IN THE MAIN CIRCUS AND HIPPODROME TENT OF THE 4-PAW AND SELLS BROS. SHOW AND TO BE SEEN AT EACH PERFORMANCE OF THIS BIGGEST SHOW ON EARTH. NONE SHOULD FAIL TO WITNESS THE ASTOUNDING SIGHTS, THE HAZARDOUS RESCUES FROM TOPPLING SKY-SCRAPERS, TERRIFIC AND TERRIBLE SCENES OF FIRE'S FURIOUS FEROCITY, CANNONADES OF EXPLODING COMBUSTABLES, SUPERB AND STUPENDOUS SHOWS OF SPECTACULAR SPLENDORS, MONSTER OUTPOURINGS OF THE FLAMES' FIERCE FURIES. THE BATTLE OF MAN AND HIS MODERN IMPLEMENTS AGAINST THE CRUEL RAPACITY DEVOURING AND DIABOLICAL DEVASTATING TERROR-OF-TERRORS, THE RAMPANT, UNPITYING THE MADDENED CRUSHING, CONSUMING, CRAZED, AND ALL-CONQUERING DESPOILER OF CITIES AND REMORSELESS RAVISHER OF MAN'S AND NATURE'S WORKS—FIRE! FIRE! FIRE! THE LORDSHIP OF ALL SENSATIONAL FEATURES PRESENTED BY THE GIANT OF THEM ALL.



THE MOST COMPLETE AND STUPENDOUS ANIMAL ZOO IN THE WORLD

8 BIG CIRCUSES

Given by 300 World-Famous Performers in 3 Rings, on 3 Stages, on the Big Hippodrome and in the Enormous Aerial Enclave

More Cages of Wild and Trained Animals than Any Other Show on Earth. The Biggest Herd of Elephants Ever Collected. All Nature's Birds and Wild Beasts Subdued and Made to Perform. A Big Collection Containing all the Odd Creatures of Creation. Over 100 New, Sensational, and Surprising High-Class Acts

A CIRCUS MORE AWE-INSPIRING THAN EVER SEEN BEFORE

PRESENTING EVERY MORNING AT 10 O'CLOCK THE MOST COLOSSAL, GORGEOUS

BIG FREE STREET PARADE

EVER SEEN BY HUMAN EYES, INAUGURATING ABSOLUTELY THE BIGGEST SHOW ON EARTH

Two Complete Exhibitions Daily, at 2 and 8 p.m. Doors Open One Hour Earlier. One 50-cent Ticket Admits to Everything. Children Under 12 Years of Age, Half Price

SPECIAL LOW RATE EXCURSIONS ON ALL RAILROADS

Reserved Seats and Admission Tickets for sale on Show day at PHILBRICK'S DRUG STORE at same price charged on the Show Grounds.

[illegible]

Gallant Irishman to the [illegible] in Distress.

The southern woman's [illegible] poverty and menial ta[illegible] many a manly breast, but few knew working gallantry of a big hearted Irishman of whom the author of "Dixie After the War" tells.

He caught a delicate Georgia woman struggling with the family washing. She was scarcely more than a girl, although a wife and mother, and had been reared in luxury. It looked as if she would never get those clothes clean. For one thing, when she tried to wring them they were streaked with blood from her hands and arms. She had peculiarly fine and tender skin.

"Faith," said Pat, "an' what is it you're thryin' to do?"

"Go away and let me alone."

"If ye don't l'ave off clanin' thim garmints, they'll be that dhirty—"

"Go away!"

"Sure, me child, if ye'll jis' shtep to th' other soide av th' tub widout puttin' me to th' inconvanience—"

He was about to pick her up in his mighty hands. She moved and dropped down, swallowing a sob.

"Sure an' it's as good a washerwoman as iver wore breeches I am," said Pat. "An' that's what I've learned in th' army."

In short order he had all the clothes hanging snow-white on the line, and before he went back to camp he cut enough wood for her ironing.

"I'm yer Bridget ivery wash-day that comes round," he said, as he swung himself off.

He was as good as his word. This good-natured soldier did her washing every week.—Youth's Companion.

SETTLED SMART YOUNG MAN.

"Camp-Meeting John's" Smart Answer to Flippant Question.

Camp-meeting John Allen, the grandfather of Madame Nordica, was for many years a picturesque figure among the Methodist ministers in the state of Maine. A mania for attending camp-meetings was not his only distinction. He was a good deal of a wag, and his utterances were much appreciated by both saint and sinner.

At one time, having gone to Lewiston to attend a quarterly meeting, he was approached in the street by several young men who were evidently out for a good time.

"Camp-meeting John," said the spokesman, "who was the devil's grandmother?"

"The devil's grandmother," replied the old man in the quick, sharp tone so characteristic of his speech, "the devil's grandmother—how do you expect me to keep your family record?"

Bismarck's Eightieth Birthday.

When Prince Bismarck was 80 years old he received an immense number of congratulatory birthday messages by wire and post. The staff of the tiny postoffice at Friedrichsruh was raised to 30 officials for the birthday week, while the telegraphers had at their disposal five direct wires to Hamburg and four to Berlin. From March 25 to April 1 the number of telegrams received gradually rose from 162 to 1,122, with 128,266 words. During the whole period close upon 12,000 telegrams, aggregating nearly half a million words, were received and forwarded. In the same period there arrived 979 ordinary parcels, 225 registered parcels, 395 registered letters and about 450,000 ordinary letters and book-post consignments. The only telegrams to which immediate answer was necessary were those from royalties. The only other so honored was one from school children in England.

Miser Is Still Waiting.

A man who was very miserly hoarded up his stacks of hay year after year in the hope of making double the price he was offered for them. A well known hay and straw buyer in the district one day asked the price of a stack. An enormous price was asked, which the buyer accepted.

"How about the terms of settlement?" asked the miser.

"Well, you see," said the buyer, "my terms are to settle when I fetch the last load away."

"That's a bargain," said the miser, slapping the other's hand. The old chap watched every load go away except the last, and that the buyer never did fetch away.

You Never Know Your Luck.

"I'm so glad you have come, Miss Morrison! I have so longed for a dance with you. May I have the fourth waltz?"

"You may if I am not engaged."

"Your card shows that you're not."

"Yes, but I'm going to sit out the third waltz with Jack, and—well, I may be engaged when the fourth comes."—The Royal.

A Camera Fiend.

Magistrate: Officer, what is this man charged with?

Constable: He's a camera fiend of the worst kind, yer worship.

"But this man shouldn't have been arrested simply because he has a mania for taking pictures."

"It ain't that, yer worship; he takes the cameras."

"Stonewall's" Estimate of Himself.

Just when "Stonewall" Jackson left to secure his West Point appointment, a friend asked him if he thought he was fitted, and he replied: "I am very ignorant, but I can make up for that by study. I have energy, and I think I have intellect."—Sunday Magazine.

Japanese Bridegroom's Gift.

Whatever may be his additional gifts, the Japanese bridegroom always sends his bride a piece of white silk for her wedding dress and a long piece of gold embroidery for a marriage girdle, the girdle having the symbolic importance of a wedding ring.

Could Not Hear Bad Language.

A man who was charged at the Willesden police court with intoxication and using bad language pleaded guilty to the first part of the charge, adding: "As to the language, I know nothing about that because I'm deaf."—London Express.

The Successful Complexion.

A good complexion will carry a woman farther than anything else in the world, and this is a point that the woman who relies on her virtues instead of her looks too often ignores.—The Lady of Fashion.

Boil Your Fleas Away.

The flea is now accused of disseminating disease germs. Whether this is true or not it is just as well to boil your fleas and be on the safe side.—Scranton Tribune.

New Ocean Sounding.

Last year a new record sounding was taken in the northern Pacific. It was 5,269 fathoms, or only 66 feet less than six statute miles. This abyss is called the Nero Deep.

Both Equally Dear.

"I hear you are engaged to one of the Richboy twins. How do you distinguish one from the other?" "I don't try!"

Art's Dead March.

"Music is dead," says Dr. Emil Reich. And concerts, adds the Musical Courier, are the funerals.

The Trouble Seeker.

He who goes looking for trouble seldom provides himself with a return ticket.—Puck.

A Good Start.

They who reach 70 in good health are likely, statistics show, to last to 73.

TEACHES WORK IN METALS.

School in a Saxon Town Gives Finest Technical Education.

An exhibition of the work done by the pupils of the Metal Workers' school in Rosswein has recently been held at Freiberg which showed the thoroughness of the instruction at this splendid technical institution. The pupils are chiefly from Prussia and Saxony and one of the conditions of admission that is noteworthy is that the applicant shall have had three years of practical experience.

Many of the German states are aiding the school library and granting free scholarship to deserving young men. The institution is provided with one of the finest technical libraries in Europe and has a large supply of the most complex apparatus.

Extensions are frequently made to the large factories and mines in the neighborhood. The course at the school lasts from 18 months to two years and embraces four departments—architecture, machine building, electro-technics and the fine arts. A great deal of attention is given to create and in order to simulate the inventive faculties the German patent office supplies the institution free of charge with copies of patents pertaining to mechanical, metal and electrical apparatus. In addition to special branches in metal work, etc., attention is given to mathematical physics, higher mathematics, chemistry and languages.

The tuition fee for the half year is 100 marks ($25) for citizens of the German empire and 200 marks for foreigners. Rosswein is situated on the mail railway between Leipsic and Dresden.

Shiver Nature's Remedy.

At the football game the young girl, despite her sable stole, shivered.

"That shiver," said her companion, a physician, "is nature's method of warning you. It is nature's preventive remedy for a cold.

"You see the shiver is an involuntary rhythmical contraction of the muscles, and there is nothing like a contraction of the muscles for raising the temperature of the body.

"Thus when you shiver nature is putting you through a little course of exercise to warm you up, so that you won't take a cold or a dose of rheumatism or an attack of pneumonia. When nature shakes you up in this kindly way it is your duty to help her out by moving briskly about for a while, thus making absolutely sure your immunity from illness."

A Poetical Suggestion.

An Atlanta paper says one song bird singing in the trees beats 50 poets whistling at the plow. Anyway, that suggests something that could be done to the poets.

Languages of Europe.

Five hundred and eighty-seven different languages are spoken in Europe, but philologists look upon these as merely variations of only about 50 distinct languages.

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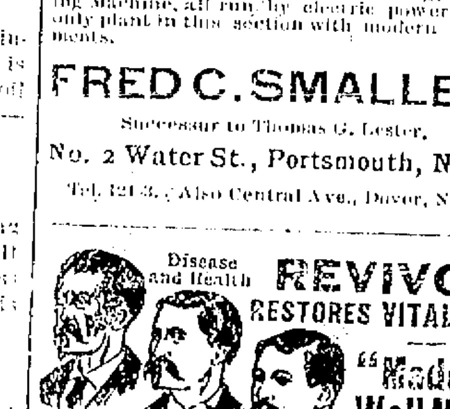

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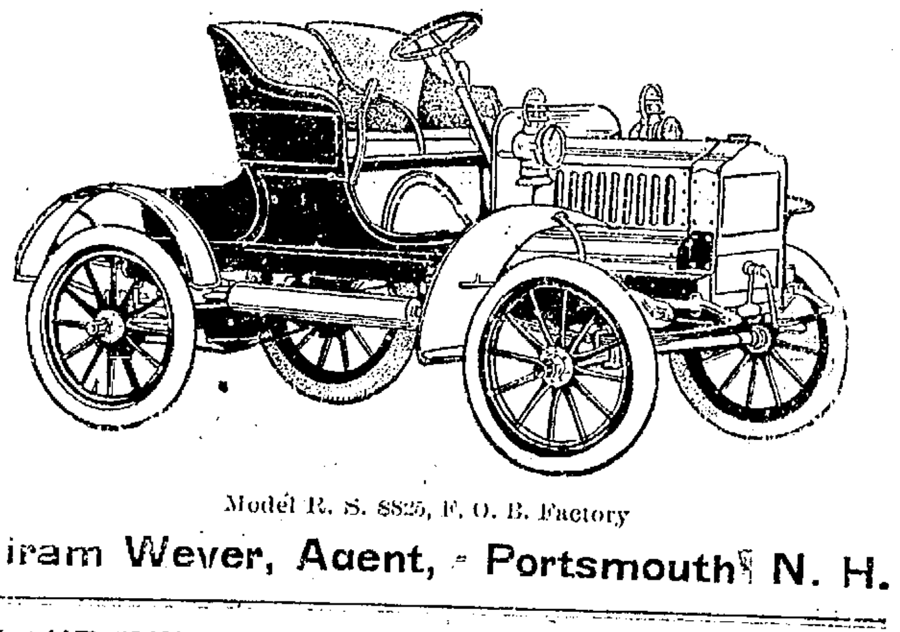

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WHEN REAL WORK IS DONE.

Periods of Absolute Rest Lead to Ideas That Win Success.

Growth is predominantly a function of rest. Work is chiefly an energy-extending and tearing-down process, says a writer in the World's Work. Rest following work is chiefly a building-up and growing process. Work may furnish the conditions under which subsequent growth may occur, but in itself it is destructive. By work we do things in the world, but we do not grow by work. We grow during rest. Rest is not the only condition of growth, but it is one of the essential conditions.

The best work that most of us do is not begun in our offices or at our desks, but when we are wandering in the woods or sitting quietly with undirected thoughts. From somewhere at such times there flash into our minds those ideas that direct and control our lives, visions of how to do that which previously had seemed impossible, new aspirations, hopes and desires. Work is the process of realization. The careful balance and the great ideas come largely during quiet, and without being sought. The man who never takes time to do nothing will hardly do great things. He will hardly have epoch-making ideas or stimulating ideas.

Philippine Bats.

Among the curious inhabitants of the Philippines, according to Prof. Clinton, of Washington, are fruit-eating bats, some of which are nearly as large as cats, with wings three feet in extent.

During the day these curious creatures remain hanging from the branches of trees in roosting places, where they congregate by the hundreds. They avoid the thick forests, and sometimes roost in a lone tree on the plains.

At twilight they become animated and attack the fruit orchards and cocoanut groves. They are fond of the juice from which the natives make tuba, or palm beer, and drink it from the bamboo cups in which it has been collected. Sometimes the juice has begun to ferment, and then the bats are intoxicated by it, and fall helpless upon the ground, to be killed by their enemies in the morning.

A Boy's Impression.

Edmund Gosse once dined with Sir Leslie Stephen, and thus described the impression made upon his youthful mind by the essayist: "I shall always remember the surprise Leslie Stephen's appearance gave me; the long, thin, bright-red beard, radiating in a fan shape; the wrinkled forehead; the curious fatness of the top of the head, accentuated by the fullness of the auburn hair on either side; the long cold hands; the distraught and melancholy eyes. The dinner was extremely quiet. Scarcely a word fell from either of the Stephens, and we two guests, although chatterboxes engrained, were subdued to silence by shyness."

Bear Raids a Camp.

A bear of unusual size terrorized a camp of 200 laborers employed by the American Pipe Line company on a reservoir for the Pennsylvania railroad, four miles west of Duncansville, Pa.

For an hour the animal wandered about the camp, and, while the men were armed, they were afraid to leave their shanties to meet him in open combat.

Dogs aroused the sleepers, and Cullen Webster, a clerk, awoke to find the bear looking in at his window. After wandering around an hour Bruin ambled past James Coyle's window, and he shot him.

Took a Compulsory Course.

"Yes, ma'am," said the tattered tramp, "you'd hardly b'lieve it, t' look at me, but I'm a college man, ma'am. I pride myself on havin' uz good an education uz th' best 'uv 'em, if I do say it myself. Yes, ma'am, I've got my degree."

"How interesting," said the kind-hearted woman. "What degree did you earn?"

"De third degree, ma'am, in U. P."

"The University of Pennsylvania?"

"No, ma'am. Utah penitentiary."

Zinc Fumes to Remove Soot.

An artist has discovered that a piece of zinc laid upon the red hot coals of his furnace or kitchen range will remove every particle of soot from the chimney.

"I don't pay a chimney sweep to fool with my stovepipes," he said. "When the soot accumulates in them I take home an old zinc plate and lay it upon the glowing coals. It melts and generates some sort of gas that simply eats up all the soot in the chimney. It's a great discovery."

Willing to Help Along.

The cranky old bachelor was irritable. Calling the landlady, he said:

"Mrs. Hashley, who is it that keeps singing, 'I Would Not Live Alway?'"

"That is the lady in the room across the hall, sir," answered the landlady.

"Well," continued the c. o. b., "kindly give her my compliments and tell her if she keeps that up much longer she can rest assured she won't."

Popular Air.

First Youth—I pulled the governor's leg to the tune of $100 this morning.

Second Youth—Good! By the way, would you mind teaching me the tune?

BY RAIL THROUGH AUSTRALIA.

Express Trains Carry Travelers With Speed and Comfort.

The four chief towns of Australia—Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney and Brisbane—are now connected throughout by railway, a total distance of 1,800 miles being accomplished by express trains in 63 hours. A visitor from Victoria to New South Wales enters the latter colony at Albury, on the southern border and 392 miles from Sydney. Albury is the changing place, where the traveler would have to leave a Victoria broad gauge train and enter a New South Wales train of the orthodox four foot eight and a half inch gauge. Pullman vestibule combined sleeping and drawing room cars and corridor first and second class cars, with lavatory accommodation and electric lighting, are provided. Stoppages for refreshments are made at convenient intervals, and Sydney is reached shortly before the middle of the day following the afternoon departure from Melbourne. The time occupied in the journey of 582 miles is seventeen and a half hours. In going from New South Wales to Queensland a traveler would leave the New South Wales railway system at Wallangarra, 492 miles from Sydney, and he would then pass into a narrow gauge Queensland train, arriving at Brisbane, the capital of Queensland, about 7 a. m. on the day after leaving Sydney, the distance of 725 miles being accomplished in 28 hours.—Engineering.

FEW EARLY MARRIAGES NOW.

Men and Women Await Arrival of Years of Discretion.

The marrying age is steadily receding, and it is quite within the range of probability that 41 will be regarded in the future as the equivalent of the present 21.

This is partly due to the keenness of the struggle for existence; a man desires to attain a position before marrying, and he finds the years slipping by with disturbing rapidity while he is climbing the ladder.

Both men and women too, fear that they may be deceived and many enter into partnership with one who will turn out to be undesirable.

So they will spend the earlier years and then the glamor of his single life will wear off. They will have gained experience enough to enable them to judge character with fair accuracy, and then will thus be less fearful of being "taken in."

They will feel that after all, it is better to settle down with a partner. And then marriage will come in middle age. The love making will not be the same, but it may well be a more solid fire—quieter, but more enduring.

Then the Scholars Understood.

The written language is so far from the spoken in Scotland that spelling reform is an academic question. A story which illustrates the many dialects is told of an examination at Aberdeen university. The examiners were an English clergyman and a Lowland Scotchman. The master of the scholars put many questions to them which were admirably answered; the boys brought the Israelites out of Egypt with a simple directness which Moses would have envied. Then the clergyman asked: "How did Pharaoh die?" The boys sat dumb. The Lowlander, to make it more plain, repeated the question: "Hoo did Phawraoh dee?" Again there was a dead silence. Next the master himself took the matter in hand—"Fat cam' to Phawraoh at his hinder end?" The boys answered as with one voice: "He was drooned!" To "dee" means in the Aberdeen dialect to die in one's bed. These careful scholars knew that Pharaoh had not "deed."

Honor Among Brigands.

A recent fight with brigands in Chalcidis resulted in the death of a soldier. The brigands sent $2,500 to his widow. Bushrangers who held up a favorite Australian official discovered later the identity of their victim. They returned his horse, with his wallet tied about his neck, and his money and watch inside. Even the Chinese pirates have some honor, a consul reports, and will pay for the hire of vessels which they have commanded for their expeditions.

Somewhat Involved.

"Don't you love me?"

"Yes, dear, but I'm already engaged."

"Break your engagement."

"Oh George, that wouldn't be honorable. An engagement is a sacred thing and not lightly to be entered into or broken off. Besides—"

"Well?"

"Well, I'm engaged to two men, and that makes it even worse."

Charm of Uncertainty.

"There is a lot of excitement in running an automobile," said the cheerful citizen.

"Yes," answered the man who smells of gasoline, "it gives life the charm of uncertainty. You never know whether you are going to be late for dinner or early at the emergency hospital."

As a Public Entertainer.

Visitor (at animal circus)—That monkey exhibits almost human intelligence.

Attendant—He exhibits more than human intelligence, sir. He does his act without mixing a monologue with it and without looking at you and waiting for applause.

DEATH FOUND HER RESIGNED.

Woman Bore Husband's Departure with Considerable Equanimity.

That death "hath no sting" for some people is evidenced by the story of a physician whose practice called him to the homes of many of the poorer families who labor in Chicago's stockyards.

"I was summoned to attend one man who was in the last stages of tuberculosis," he relates, "and found him very low. His wife was a sturdy woman of vehement temperament and seemed not the least concerned over her husband's desperate condition. I left directions with her for the man's comfort and promised to call in the morning.

"When I entered next morning I found the woman enveloped in a fog of suffocating steam and vigorously doing her washing. She turned her head as I was let in by one of the children and, nodding, continued her work.

"'How is the good man this morning?' I asked.

"'Oh,' she said in a tone which seemed to indicate that I had recalled an unpleasant matter to her mind. Then turning toward the bed-room door she shouted:

"'John, are you there?' There was no answer from the sick chamber. She turned to resume her washing and said: 'He's breathed his last.'"

NIMBLE WIT OF A PORTER.

St. Paul Sleeping Car Attendant Tells Why He Went to Sleep.

Among the railroad visitors in town yesterday was F. A. Miller, general passenger agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad, says the Cleveland Leader. He visited all of the general offices in town and at the Hollenden hotel told a story of one of the sleeping car porters who was recently found asleep while on duty. This is contrary to the rules of the St. Paul road, and the negro man was in trouble when found by the inspector on the Pioneer Limited. He had his wits about him, however, and in response to the inspector's inquiry as to what he was doing asleep, he said:

"I'll tell you how it was, boss. I have only been with the company a short time and before coming here I was working on such and such a railroad. The line was so rough that I could not get any sleep. Since I have been working for the St. Paul the road has been so smooth that I just could not keep awake."

Mr. Miller says that while the negro violated the rules he was permitted to keep his job on account of his wit.

Celestial Signs.

"Yes, sir," said old Uncle Billy, who comes in occasionally with country produce, via the East Point road, "I shore do see wonders in the sky these nights. Only last night I seen 16 stars fall—all at one time, an' one of 'em come so close to me my hat wuz knocked onesided, an' a hole burnt in the brim. Night before that, whilst I wuz a-surveyin' of the heavens—so to speak—I seen a perfect pictur' of a sword, 'bout where the moon would 'a' been at that time of she hadn't been late; then there wuz a big crack in the sky, like a winder shutter suddenly throwed wide open, an' I hearn sweet singin', an' harp-playin', most distinct. Oh, there's wonderful things goin' on above you that you don't know nuthin' about—I tell you! An' there's trouble in store fer this ol' country, shore's you're born. You'd better hold yer cotton fer ten cents an' better. An' do you want any fresh eggs this mornin', at 30 cents?"—Atlanta Constitution.

Up-to-Date "Chain Gang."

A novel experiment is about to be tried by the government of Victoria, Australia. A sum of $25,000 has been placed in the administration's estimate for the making of roads by prisoners through the "bush" in unsettled parts of the state. Each prisoner who does his work well will be paid a regular daily wage, the amount to accumulate until his release, when, as the premier says, he "will have a respectable sum with which to make a new start in life." The labor party is expected to oppose the use of bond for free labor.

Italian Official's Cow.

Italian officials have a mania for sending telegrams—at the public expense. A sub-prefect in Sicily had his cow stolen recently, and within a short period 300 telegrams had been dispatched, not only all over Sicily, but over the Italian peninsula. This waste of money was too much for the prime minister, and he has ordered the sub-prefect to pay the expenses of the wires, amounting to about $100. The cow has not yet been found.

Money to Burn.

The big touring car had just whizzed by with a roar like a gigantic rocket, and Pat and Mike turned to watch it disappear in a cloud of dust.

"Thim chug wagons must cost a hape av cash," said Mike. "The rich is fairly burnin' money."

"An' the smell av it," sniffed Pat, "it must be thot tainted money we do be hearin' so much about."—Success.

Up Against It.

Wedderly—I broke a mirror last night.

Singleton—They say that's a sign of bad luck.

Wedderly—You bet it is. It will cost me $25 to replace it.

LOVE LAUGHS AT FLOODS.

Two Marriage Licences Necessary For Happiness, but He Got Them.

High water played all sorts of havoc with the wedding plans of Chauncey Lewis Gell and his intended, says the Portland Oregonian. He had to buy two marriage licenses and to pay his hard earned dollars into the coffers of two states before the way was legally paved.

Mr. Gell appeared at the county clerk's office yesterday afternoon. He stood under the old wedding bell there for a moment and then asked, "Can I buy a marriage license here?"

Deputy County Clerk Cupid Rose informed him that he could, and soon the papers were made out.

"How much?" asked Gell.

"Three dollars," was the quick reply.

"Well, I guess I'll have to pay up," said the prospective bridegroom, "but its pretty tough to have to buy two licenses to marry the same girl. Only yesterday I bought a marriage license over in Cathlamet, Wash., but we became frightened over the reports of high water and came over here. I was told that my Washington license was no good here, so I am getting this one. It has cost me $8 so far for licenses alone. Wonder what the preacher will want?"

A Zulu Warcry.

The Zulu warcry used, whenever they take the field, by the South African footballers now in London, has puzzled our newspapers, not one of which seems able to spell it correctly, says Notes and Queries. The Daily Express gives it as "Igamilzho," and the Daily Mail as "Gammillo." The cry really consists of two words, and should be written "Igama layo." "Igama" is Zulu for "name," and "layo" is a possessive pronoun meaning either "his" of "their." Thus the Daily Mail, although quite wrong in its orthography of the word, is right in saying that it merely means "That is his name." The explanationis that Zulu etiquette does not allow warriors, when they rush into battle, to mention the names of their enemies, but the leaders shout out, "That is his name!" pointing to the victims with their spears.

Crocodile Skins.

Consul General W. H. Michael states that a Calcutta trade journal calls attention to the demand for crocodile skins in America, and from time to time has urged the natives living contiguous to crocodile haunts to engage extensively in the business of killing this creature for his skin, guaranteeing that they will be able to sell to American buyers at remunerative prices all the skins they can take.

There are thousands of crocodiles in the lagoons and tide water streams of India, easily accessible, and there are Indians in plenty to hunt them and take their skins. Consequently there is no reason why a big trade in crocodile skins should not be built up between the United States and India.

A Mile of Pennies.

The endless chain having outlived its usefulness, charity workers in certain fields cast about for something new to gather in the money. One of them figured that between $800 and $900 could be secured from a mile of pennies if placed in a line. A roll of court plaster, measuring ten yards, similar to that used by physicians, was secured, and sent out in bits. In a little while they came back filled. Then other rolls went through the same process, and before a month the "mile of pennies" had been secured. As the rolls are filed the money is taken off, so that if the scheme becomes popular the government need fear no tightness in the copper cent market.

When Brewing Began.

There has been no nation, no matter how uncivilized, that at one time or another has not made and used intoxicating liquors. The art of brewing was practiced by the ancient Egyptians, and later by the Greeks, Romans and Gauls.

The Anglo-Saxon and English have long been considered pre-eminent masters of the art of brewing liquors. The ale made by the monks in ancient times was prized most highly, and ever since the production of liquors has been increasing. In 1585 there were 26 large breweries in London, which brewed 49,000 barrels of beer annually. In 1892 over 32,000,000 barrels were brewed.—The Sunday Magazine.

West African English.

Punctuation is not the strong point of the journals printed on the west coast of Africa, as the following quotation from one of them shows: "On the 6th inst. a sensational accident occurred to a certain woman who conveyed a load of plantains over a hundredweight stumbled and fell down the heavy load falling on her child about 12 months who died instanter. The sad news soon spread to the town and parents were in great awe. It is a pity the great loss the woman has sustained and, to thing her pay is only 4 plantains."

The Weather-Wise Brother.

"How does you like dis warm weather in November?"

"Hit's a dispensary er Providence," replied Br'er Williams.

"An' what's a 'dispensary.'

"Dat's what you ain't ter know. You musn't inquire too curious into mis-creants you don't onderstan'!"

THE TALKATIVE MAN'S REVENGE.

Bidden to Hold His Peace, He Proved Capable of Doing So.

It was probably that feeling of good comradeship which comes to nearly all travelers which caused a man on one of the Philadelphia sight-seeing automobiles, to put questions, point out details and air his views generally the other day to a woman who sat beside him. The woman was middle-aged and otherwise ineligible for a flirtation, but she didn't like the man's volubility, nevertheless, and showed her ability to put a stop to it.

"Sir," she said, after a few attempts on the part of the man, "you annoy me. I don't know anything about Philadelphia and have no information to give. If you will kindly mind your own business I shall be grateful. Needless to say that the talkative sightseer retired within himself and made no further remark during the trip. At its conclusion the woman wanted read a slip which she took out of her pocketbook, but when she reached for her eyeglasses she found nothing but the chain on which they had been fastened to her bosom.

She finally, after a useless search, brought herself to ask the man who had wanted to talk if he had seen anything of them. "Oh! yes," he replied: "they fell off on Spring Garden street, near the United States mint. I saw the hind wheel roll over them."

When Eating Causes Colds.

If one who has caught a cold will take thought, he will often find that he has prepared himself for the infection by some tax on his physical condition—some extra work which has depressed his bodily powers, some worry which has preyed upon his mind, some loss of sleep, some undue exposure to atmospheric changes, or some dietary indiscretion, says a writer in the Youth's Companion.

For indiscreet eating is one of the most prolific and yet the least recognized of all the predisposing causes of a cold.

Let the hearty eaters of rich food, who suffer from repeated colds, try a course of abstinence during the coming winter, and they will become convinced of the truth of these remarks. In this case the proof of the pudding is in the not eating of it.

Fig Wine.

Consul Maxwell Blake of Funchal advises that some interest has been aroused in the island of Maderia as the result of experiments conducted by an Italian chemist, Professor Pagisci, who declares that the juice of the fig under proper treatment can be converted into a wine of excellent taste.

The professor states that its flavor is agreeable; that it is very rich in phosphate matter and almost wholly destitute of tanale acid, qualities that render it especially nourishing to invalids and children. The pulp is said also to create a new food for milch cows and fowls. The fresh fig contains only about 26 per cent of sugar, but after it has been dried and prepared for the making of wine it yields 80 per cent sugar.

People That Hibernate.

Pliny tells of Epimenides, the Cretan, who slept in a cave for 57 years. Pliny tells many singular tales, and we fear he was a credulous person. But Henry III. of France, when he was in Poland, nobles, physicians among them Dr. Johannes Fidusius; Alexander Guagninus of Verona, a colonel of foot; Sigismundus Liber, a baron in Helberstein, all personally knew this fact: A people that inhabited Lucomoria seemed to die on every 27th of November by reason of the winter's cold. On the 24th of April they all awoke, arose, and went about their business.

Betrayed by Talk in Sleep.

A Paris woman who was arrested for picking pockets, and who pretended to speak an unknown language, betrayed herself in her sleep. When brought before the magistrate she was interrogated by Turkish, Russian, Polish and Hungarian interpreters, but none could understand her, although one believed she spoke a little-known dialect in Persia. The magistrate was not convinced, and ordered her to be kept in the prison infirmary under strict surveillance. In her sleep the woman talked fluent French, with the true Parisian accent.

Advice to Candidates.

An Australian M. P. advises candidates for parliament to be seen as often as possible among the mourners in the constituencies they are courting. "It shows the domestic, the family feeling strong; it denotes an observance of religious conventions, and it is taken as proof of a loyal heart, a heart that beats for an old acquaintance even in dust. At one content I attended on an average two funerals a day every day of the last week, and the polling was my top score."

Useless Precaution.

The town council of a small German community met to inspect a new site for a cemetery. They assembled at a chapel and as it was a warm day some one suggested they leave their coats there.

"Some one can stay behind and watch them," suggested Herr Battels.

"What for," demanded Herr Ehrlich. "If we are all going out together what need is there for any one to watch the clothes?"

SHE COULDN'T MISS THE CHANCE.

"You're sweet enough to eat," said he;
She drew a little sigh;
He was a frugal youth, and she
Was just a little shy.
"You're sweet enough to eat," he said—
The swell cafe was near;
She slightly turned her pretty head,
As if she'd failed to hear.

So that he surely might be heard
He stopped her in the street,
And said with stress on every word:
"You're sweet enough to eat."
She pointed where the swell cafe
Loomed splendidly in view,
And then he heard her sweetly say:
"I'm hungry enough, too."
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Going and Coming.

"Why did you fellows look so sore when Gainer dropped out?" asked the man who didn't know anything about poker.

"Why, because he was away ahead of the game, and we thought that if he remained we might tap him for a good-sized part of his pile."

"But why were you sore when Loozen quit?"

"Well, luck seemed to be all against him. He couldn't seem to make a single hand win."—Chicago Journal.

It Is Never Imposed.

"Pa."

"What is it, my son?"

"When a trust is found guilty of violating the law there is always a maximum and a minimum fine that may be imposed, isn't there?"

"Yes. The maximum fine is the most that the offending trust may be compelled to pay and the minimum is the least that it may get off with."

"Why do they take the trouble to have a maximum, pa?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Ever Hopeful.

"Aren't you afraid the government will eventually assume ownership of the railways?"

"Supposing it does," rejoined Dr. Dustin Stax. "It'll have to employ us experienced men at enormous salaries to keep them from being run at a loss. The difference will merely be that in giving us money the public will contribute as taxpayers instead of as passengers.—Washington Star.

Neckromancy.

Noiselessly the prudent mamma of the large family of daughters opened the parlor door and looked in.

Softly she withdrew.

"The young man who can make two heads seem to grow where only one grew before," she said to herself, "is a benefactor to the human race, and deserves to be encouraged."—Chicago Tribune.

A Short Tale.

"Their tale of love was brief but comprehensive."

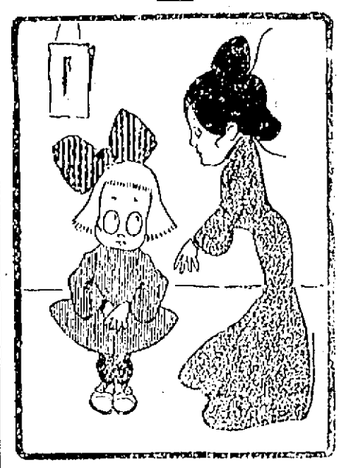
"What was it?"

"First he went to court and sued for her love."

"What then?"

"She went to court and sued for damages."—Baltimore American.

NOT THE LOVABLE KIND.



Mamma—Don't you know the Bible says we should love our neighbors?

Lillie—I know, ma, but this is an awful neighborhood.—Chicago Journal.

Happiness.

How happiness goes flaunting by,
As gaily as a butterfly;
And when we catch the lovely thing,
Alas! it has a broken wing!
—Life.

A Benefit.

"You think the discovery of a route to the north pole will be of great benefit to the human race?"

"I do," answered the scientist. "It if does nothing more it may satisfy curiosity so as to prevent others from risking their lives on the journey."—Washington Star.

Only One Way.

"I see there is a movement on foot to stop the use of profanity over telephones."

"But think how it will demoralize business. We can't get along without them."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Then He Got Busy.

"Why do you look at me like that, you great, awkward bear?"

"Oh, Miss Pimmie, I—I protest I'm not a—a bear."

"Well, why aren't you?"—Chicago Tribune.

A Slippery Subject.

First Reporter—Did you ever fall down on an assignment?

Second Reporter—Sure; one day when I was sent to write a story about the icy sidewalks.—N. Y. Press.

HOW TO TELL IF YOU HAVE WORMS

THE REMEDY THAT QUICKLY EXPELS THEM

The common symptoms of worms in children and adults are:—Paleness of the face with occasional flushing; indigestion accompanied by an unnatural appetite at times; foul tongue and offensive breath; itching nose; vomiting; grinding of the teeth during sleep; swelling of the upper lip; hard swelled bowels; griping or colic pains; also convulsions and many other unaccountable nervous symptoms, which, if not checked in time, lead on to something more serious.

TOOK DR. TRUE'S ELIXIR AND GOT WELL

SOMERVILLE, ME.

DR. TRUE, DEAR SIR:—

"For more than three months one of my children had been troubled with spells of vomiting and symptoms of fever nearly every week, together with canker-sores about the nose and mouth. I obtained, about two weeks ago, two bottles of your Elixir, and before the first bottle was exhausted the sores were entirely healed, and no appearance of his vomiting or fever-spells has ever returned. I really believe that the lives of thousands of children suffering from worms or canker might be saved by a timely and judicious use of your Elixir." Yours truly,

J. L. HAMMETT.

This is only one of hundreds of such testimonials. This marvelous remedy has been made and sold by Dr. J. F. True & Co. for fifty-six years, and in all that time nothing but words of praise have been bestowed upon it. This is what Mr. Wing thinks of it.

AUBURN, ME.

DR. TRUE, DEAR SIR:—

"For the past seven years I have constantly kept a supply of your Elixir in my house, and it never failed to give prompt relief. It has been a great blessing to my children, and unsolicited I give you this tribute of gratitude, hoping the merits of your unrivaled family medicine may be widely known and appreciated,"

Very respectfully yours,

CHAS. E. WING.

Even though worms may not be found present Dr. True's Elixir tones up the stomach and liver. Read what Dr. J. Haley, of Brunswick, thinks of it:

"It is a safe and effectual remedy. For worms it has no equal, and is an excellent remedy for canker of the mouth and throat."

Dr. True's Elixir is sold by druggists everywhere at 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle. The booklet, "Children and Their Diseases," will be sent free by simply addressing Dr. J. F. True & Co., Auburn, Me. We have a special treatment for tape-worm. Send for free book.

Isles of Shoals

STEAMER

TIME TABLE

Season of 1907. Commencing June 27, 1907.

Subject to change without further notice.

PORTSMOUTH and ISLES OF SHOALS HOTELS APPLEDORE and OCEANIC

Steamer Munnatawket

A FINELY EQUIPPED BOAT

Leaves Portsmouth, wharf foot of Deer Street, for Isles of Shoals, at 8.20 and 11.20 a. m., and 5.40 p. m. SUNDAYS, at 10.45 a. m. and 5.00 p. m.

RETURNING

Leaves Appledore and Oceanic Hotels, Isles of Shoals, for Portsmouth, at 6.00 and 9.15 a. m., and 3.25 p. m. SUNDAYS, at 9.45 a. m. and 3.30 p. m.

FARE FOR ROUND TRIP 50 CENTS

Good on day of issue only.

FARE ONE WAY 50 CENTS

H. W. NICKERSON

LICENSED EMBALMER

AND

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

5 Daniel Street, Portsmouth

Calls by night at residence, 9 Miller avenue, or 11 Gates street, will receive prompt attention.

Telephone at office and residence.

New York City

HOTEL ST. DENIS

BROADWAY AND 11TH STREET NEW YORK CITY.

Within Easy Access of Every Point of Interest. Half Block from Wanamaker's. 5 minutes' walk of Shopping District.

NOTED FOR: Excellence of Cuisine, Comfortable Appointments, Courteous Service and Homelike Surroundings.

ROOMS $1.50 PER DAY AND UP

EUROPEAN PLAN.

Table d'Hote Breakfast 50c.

WM. TAYLOR & SON, Inc.

ALSO

HOTEL MARTINIQUE,

Broadway & 33rd Street.

Book Binding

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Blank Books Made to Order.

J. D. RANDALL,

Over Beane's Store, Congress St.

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD

Established Sept. 23, 1884.

Published every evening, Sundays and holidays excepted.

Terms, $4.00 a year, when paid in advance, 50 cents a month, 2 cents per copy, delivered in any part of the city or sent by mail.

Advertising rates reasonable and made known upon application.

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F. W. Hartford, Editor

Herald Publishing Co., Publishers

Portsmouth, N. H.

Telephone 37-2

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For Portsmouth and Portsmouth's Interests.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1907.

DARTMOUTH POLICY

Dartmouth has prospered wonderfully under President Tucker. Its graduating class this year was the largest the college has ever known and the senior class next year is expected to be even larger. It is a significant fact that the entering class next Fall will have more members than the college had students when President Tucker assumed charge in 1893.

It is important that the policy of President Tucker be maintained by his successor. The wouderful gains made in the fourteen years since the retiring president began to control the destinies of New Hampshire's great institution of learning cannot be ascribed to natural growth. While in the ordinary course, the college woud have increased in size and influence, a growth such as has been recorded since 1893 is too remarkable to be accounted for in any other way than by an administration of extraordinary wisdom. To Mr. Tucker must be given the largest measure of credit for what has been accomplished.

A policy the wisdom of which has been so impressivley proven must not be abandoned. While it is certain that whoever succeeds President Tucker will profit by the example of his illustrious predecessor, it is of the utmost importance that the policy inaugurated by the man who may almost be said to have made Dartmouth be followed as closely as one man can follow the policies of another. It will be hard to find a man who can do what Mr. Tucker has done and harder still for any man to take up the work where the great college president drops it.

New Hampshire people take the keenest interest in Dartmouth and are justly proud of the college founded in the wilderness by Eleazar Wheelock. They are proud of its record and its growth and they earnestly desire a continuation of the prosperity that has marked its history for more than a decade. They hope for still greater advance in the next ten years and they realize that there can be no better assurance of this than the continued administration of college affairs along the lines laid down by the man everywhere regarded as the father of the new Dartmouth.

It is pleasing to know that whoever becomes president of Dartmouth will have the benefit of the assistance and advice of the enlightened educator who has made Dartmouth what it is.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEWS

The reckless chaffeur should either be tamed or put out of business.

It seems to be a case of every state having its day at the Jamestown exposition.

The newspaper heading, "Yale Wins," will very soon be kept standing in most offices.

Epicurus must smile upon the efforts of the national government to prevent the extinction of the lobster.

The Duke of Abruzzi doesn't realize how much he missed when he erased Portsmouth from his itinerary.

Former Senator Chandler seems to be a favorite with the newspapermen. There is good reason for his popularity, for he always says something interesting.

Will Mr. Harriman insist upon the expulsion of the Yale students who laughed when he was arrested the other day?

The impoverished titled foreigners who court American heiresses might justify their claim to being men by going to work.

Judging from those fines imposed in York, illegal liquor selling in that town will hardly be an attractive business in the future.

A writer in a recent magazine objects to the sloop as a cruising boat because of the danger of jabbing people standing upon piers with the bowsprit. A person so strongly humanitarian as that is almost too good for this world.

THE CHURCHES

Unitarian Church

At the Unitarian Church on Sunday, Rev. George E. Laighton will preach in exchange with Rev. Alfred Gooding. The musical programme will be:

Jubilate in G	Holden
"Hear Our Prayer"	Morrison
Soprano solo, "Come Unto Me"	Cowen
Mrs. Wendell	

Peoples' Church

Rev. J. F. Hargreaves of Newton, will officiate at the Peoples' Church on Sunday. Preaching at eleven o'clock, Sunday school at twelve o'clock. Song service at seven-thirty, and preaching at eight o'clock.

Methodist Church

Rev. Geo. W. Farmer, pastor. Morning worship with sermon Sunday at 10.30, subject "The Plea for the Stainless Flag." Sunday school at 12. Devotional meeting of the Epwort League in the vestry at 6.30. In the evening at 7.30 the regular service will be held in the auditorium of the church. The pastor will preach a short sermon on the theme, "Drink of Water." Strangers welcome.

Christian Science Society

Regular Sunday service at 10.45 a. m. Subject; "God." Sunday school for the children at 11.50 a. m. Wednesday evening testimony meeting at 7.45. All are welcome. Services are held at No. 2 Market street, reading room at the same address open to the public, daily except Sunday, from 2 to 4 p. m. Here all Christain Science Literature may be read.

Court Street Christain Church

Regular morning worship with preaching by the pastor at 10.30 a. m. Sunday school at 11.45 a. m.

Christain Endeavor at 6.30, subject; "Christ in Africa." Regular preaching service at 7.30 p. m. The pastor preaches the memorial service to the Knights of the Golden Eagles at their hall tomorrow afternoon at 2. 30.

Christ Church

5th Sunday after Trinity

Holy Eucharist 10.30 a. m.

Processional, No. 458,	Hayden.
Introit, Pasim 23,	Gregorian.
Kyrie, Glorias, Creed	Eyre
Hymn, No. 489,	Elvey.
Sanctus, Benedictus, Agnus Dei,	Eyre
Gloria in Excelsis,	Plamsong.
Processional, No. 506,	Edwards.

Choral Evensong, 7.30 p. m.

Processional, No. 458,	Hayden.
Psalter, 30th Evening,	Gregorian.
Magnificat,	Stainer.
Nunc Dimittis,	Stainer.
Hymn, No. 608,	Pitts.
Hymn, No. 12,	Monk.
Processional, No. 506,	Edwards.

Pearl Street Church

Morning services at 10.30, Sunday school at 12, evening service at 7.30, preaching by Rev. C. O. Farnham. All are welcome.

COMPANY B RETURNS

Arrives on Friday Evening from their Week at the State Camp Ground

Company B., N. H. N. G., returned from the State camp ground at Concord, at 5.30 Friday evening on a special train. The company looked like a lot of veterans as they marched from the depot, and the hot sun had given them all a healthy tan. Captain Hoyt was very much pleased with the showing made by his company at the camp, and they were complimented on all sides for their good work.

NOTICE

All persons are forbidden using pistols, crackers or fireworks of any description before six o'clock a. m. July 3. Any person violating this order will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Per Order,

THOMAS ENTWISTLE,
City Marshal.

A Reasonable Explanation.

Henry James is credited with the remark that he "never heard an American woman say 'thank you.'" We conjecture, says Chicago Tribune, that on one or more occasions Mr. James has risen in a crowded car and offered a seat to some woman who did not say "thank you" for the reason that she recognized him by his printed portraits and knew she would not have time to say: "Sensible in a high degree, although it should be observed, perhaps, that in the domain of the intellectual there should not be needed the propulsive effect of a motive as a stimulus to the process of realization in the abstract, apart from an implied obligation willingly assumed, and not wholly conventional, even though it may be the result of unconscious volition, or, to express the thought in terms less vague and elusive, and frankly recognizing, in the background of consciousness, the simulacrum of an anticipated quid pro quo—dismissing all this, I say, as shadowy and unreal, and subjecting the ponderable residuum to such analysis as we may, with such crude materials as we have at hand, for in the realm of the imagination there will be found the crucible of the alchemist, quite as real and substantial, albeit composed of substances not existent on the material plane," etc.

Big Warship Building.

The announcement that Great Britain is to build two more battleships of the famous Dreadnought class is coupled with the statement that no less than four such vessels have been contracted for at British navy yards, ostensibly in the name of certain foreign governments but really, it is believed, as a speculative measure, the projectors entertaining the notion that it will be easy at any time to dispose of such ships at a big profit. But this may be a speculation that will fail. The number of governments that are likely to invest in such costly playthings is small, though it is conceivable that emergencies might arise which woulld make it very desirable to have such means of defense. But the grimmer suggestion, says Troy Times, in connection with all this is that Great Britain really intends to retain all these big fighters herself, as a safeguard against attack, and with something in the nature of a squint toward Germany. Not much in the way of disarmament in that. But it is making big armaments very costly, and perhaps the time is nearer at hand than many think when it will be found that it does not pay to fight.

Liang Tung Yen, the new Chinese minister to the United States, is a pretty good business man, according to the stories of some of his old classmates at Yale. When he was in college he was closely associated with a set of young fellows, ten in all, who had about the same allowance each month, $100. All the checks came at once, and after a day or so every member of the set was "strapped." Liang finally solved the difficulty. The checks were all pooled, and each $100 was to last the coterie three days. For exactly three days one man had to pay all the expenses of the ten. Thereafter, every one was able to get through the month without being in danger of starvation.

Speaking of the visit of the 700 Japanese sailors from the visiting warships who came ashore and returned without one of the men getting drunk, deserting or engaging in disorder of any kind, and who visited Columbia university instead of the Bowery, the New York World remarks that they "not only violated all the traditions of a seafaring town, but they gave New York its first real lesson as to what the average Japanese man who does things is like." And perhaps helped to explain to some extent how it is he does them.

Sables are becoming very rare, and, on account of the great demand for them, have risen considerably in price during the last few years. A coat that, about two years ago, would have cost $20,000 would now be worth at least $30,000. The empress of Russia possesses one of the most beautiful sable coats in existence; it is made from the most splendid sables procurable and is valued at anything between $250,000 and $400,000. Queen Maud, of Norway, is another queen consort who is lucky enough to possess magnificent sables.

A Washington paper tells of a lady who hasn't washed her face for 15 years and who "has a beautiful complexion." Just think what it might be if she'd try washing once.

"Prince Fushimi, of Japan, will be entertained royally in Canada"—an advance notice that "The Mikado" will not be produced.

The Japanese have begun to buy from America mechanical block-signal safety devices for railroads.

Will there be a cabinet crisis in Spain every time the royal baby cuts a tooth?

Steps to Fortune.

A modest, unassuming young business man, to his great surprise, was recently promoted to a position very much in advance of the one he then occupied. He did not understand when, or where, or how he had prepared himself for such unexpected promotion. His friends, however, and those who had been watching his career knew that, unconsciously, he had been preparing for his promotion ever since he took a job as an errand boy in an office. Indeed, if he had had the position to which he has been advanced in mind from the outset, and if every step he took had been directed toward it, he could not have adopted a more effective means for the attainment of his end. As a boy, this young employe did not wait to be told things, or to do this or that when it was obvious that it should be done. He found out all he could for himself by observation, by keeping his eyes and ears open, and by being constantly on the alert to increase his knowledge; and he always did whatever he saw needed to be done, without waiting for orders. He did everything that was given him to do as well as he possibly could do it. He did not wait for big opportunities, but found his chance in every little thing that came his way. In every act he performed he found a chance to be prompt, businesslike and polite. In every letter he wrote he found an opportunity for self-culture, for learning how to be concise and how to express himself in the clearest and purest English. He found an opportunity for neatness and order in filing away papers and in keeping the office clean and tidy. These, remarks the New York Weekly, are a few of the steps which led to his rapid promotion, although when he was taking them he was not conscious that he was laying the foundation of his career broad and deep.

Our Immigrants.

No migration in history is comparable to the great hordes that have crossed the Atlantic during the past 20 years to enter our territory, says National Geographic Magazine. In 1905, 1,026,499 immigrants were admitted; in 1906, 1,100,735, and in the present year the total will exceed the record of 1906 by many thousands. Since June 30, 1900, 6,000,000 have been admitted, of whom probably 5,500,000 have settled permanently in the United States. The report of Mr. Sargent for 1906, recently issued, contains much interesting information about the character and qualifications of the immigrants. Perhaps the most striking fact is that less than five per cent. of the newcomers have reached or passed the age of 45. Of the arrivals in 1906, 913,955 ranged in age from 14 to 44, 136,273 were less than 14 years of age, and only 50,507 had reached or passed the age of 45. More than two-thirds of the immigrants were males, the figures being 764,463 men and boys and 336,272 women and girls. About 28 per cent. of the total number were illiterate, which is a very large proportion when we consider that only 6.2 per cent. of the total white population of the United States and only 4.6 per cent. of the native-born whites in 1900 were illiterate.

When Prince Fushimi, the cousin of the emperor of Japan, visited English waters with a small fleet, the British naval bands on one occasion of welcome played selections from the comic opera, "The Mikado." Upon learning the fact, the admiralty, with equal tactlessness, issued orders, and made them public, that the band must not do so any more. But the Japanese, who politely protested that they were not at all disturbed by the matter, since they quite understood the humor of the opera, may avail themselves of a delightful revenge. When next a British fleet visits the mikado's waters, suggests Youth's Companion, the Japanese bands can greet them with airs from "Pinafore."

The kaiser is always on the side of discipline. A Russian tenor in the Monte Carlo company which sung for charity lately in Berlin was not satisfied with the tempo of the conductor and beat time with his foot to indicate the change he desired. The emperor expressed his disapproval of this insubordination to the prince of Monaco, and the luckless tenor was dismissed.

This new Bourbon should be taught to forget some things in Spanish history as soon as he learns them if his life is to be smooth and pleasant.

Boston has sent out scouts to ascertain the bean prospects and is holding her breath most of the time awaiting their reports.

Consumptives are now advised to avoid high altitudes. Is there no one subject on which the doctors can get together?

The Canadian Pacific railway has installed on its system a quick-lunch dining car, with counters.

As to the north pole, it seems willing to meet the explorers this year more than half way.

Arthur Dedes
33 Market St.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Fruit Dealer

Oranges, from $3 to $3.75 per box.
Bananas, 8 and 9 hands, bunches rom $1.50 to $1.75.
Lemons, from $4 to $5 box.
Cantaloupes, from $3 to $3.50 box.
Pineapples, from $3 to $3.50 box.

All Kinds of Fruits at the Lowest Prices

ISLES OF SHOALS
10 Miles Out at Sea
THE APPLEDORE AND OCEANIC HOTELS
will open June 27, close September 10. A large steamer, the "Munnatawket," will run on this line during the season. The temperature at the Shoals during the months of July and August varies from 60 to 72 degrees. A sojourn at these islands for a few weeks in the summer is as beneficial as an ocean voyage, without its discomforts.
CHAS. J. RAMSDELL, Manager
Address Randall Hall, Cambridge, Mass., until June 27th, after that date, Isles of Shoals, Portsmouth, N. H.

LOT OF LAND FOR SALE ON CASS ST.
50 feet front, 100 feet deep.
C. E. TRAFTON,
Real Estate Agent,
PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Fire and Water Proof
REX FLINTKOTE ROOFING
ASK ABOUT IT.
GRAY & PRIME,
Agents for Portsmouth and Vicinity,
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PLUMBING AND Gas Fitting
Jobbing a Specialty.
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Haven Ct., off High
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BIG G CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents Contagion. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A.
MEN AND WOMEN. Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles $2.75. Circular sent on request.

WANT ADS
Such as for sale, wanted, to let, lost found, etc.
One Cent A Word
For Each Insertion
3 LINES ONE WEEK 40 CENTS.

WANTED—Old established house of 25 years' standing, manufacturing staple line of goods in constant daily use, wants good man to manage branch business; salary, $1,800 per year and all expences, payable monthly; also extra commissions, which should amount to more than than the salary. Applicant must furnish good references and $1,000 cash, which is satisfactorily secured Address, Manufacturer, P. O. Box 51, St. Louis, Mo.

TO LET—A good house, No. 1 Mark street, with bath room and furnace. Recently occupied by Mr. Fred M. Sise. Apply to Benjamin F. Webster. c,h,je28,1w.

LOST— Thursday night on Chatham street, a dark green lap robe. Finder will kindly return to 16 Bow street. s,h,je29,1t.

WANTED— Civilian employee, boy, $20.00 per month, board and room. Apply Naval Hospital, Navy Yard, Portsmouth, N. H. c,h, je28,tf.

WANTED— Young woman wants governess position for the summer. French, German, Music and English. Address B. care of this office. c,h,Je27,tf.

WANTED — Young woman would assist in office work for the summer. Address A. care of this office. c,h,Je27,1w.

WANTED—Private pupils in Grammar, high school, or college studies. Telephone 278-21 or address, G. H. L'Amourem, Prin. Traipe Academy, Kittery, Maine. c,h,je25,2w.

WANTED—House painters. Long job. Apply to J. E. Hoxie, 58 State street. ch-m24-tf

FOR SALE—A restaurant paying $1500 yearly for $550, less than fixtures cost. Reason for selling, going west. Address, Lock Box 87, Newburyport, Mass. ch-m22-tf

FOR SALE—A dozen second hand doors. Inquire at this office. cha15tf

WHIST SCORE CARDS—For sale at this office

PRINTING—Get estimates from the Chronicle on all kinds of work.

YOUNG men look well. Shave and neckshave, fifteen cents; hair cut, twenty-five cents; Pompeian massage by electricity. Open Thursday afternoons. Asay and Asay, Jr., and G. W. Lowe, 10 Water street. J24hc1w

WANTED—First class cook for the Summer. Inquire at this office. J24hctf

DRESSMAKING—Miss Josie Corcoran, graduate of Brown Designing and Dressmaking College, Boston, is prepared to take work at her rooms, 55 New Vaughan street; satisfaction guaranteed. J24h1w

Actual increase 2,458,581 for twelve months ending Dec. 31st. 1906. This is the record of the
7-20-4
10c Cigar
Thirty-two years New England's Favorite.
R. G. SULLIVAN Mfr
Manchester, N. H.

DECORATIONS
For Weddings and Flowers Furnished For All Occasions.
Funeral Designs a Specialty.
CAPSTICK,
ROGERS ST.

PROFESSIONAL CARD

F. S. TOWLE, M. D
Physician and Surgeon
84 STATE ST., PORTSMOUTH, N.
Office Hours—Until 9 a. m.; 1 to 4 and 7 to 9 p. m.

J. W. BARRETT,
Plumbing and Heating.
Telephone Connection.
NO. 17 BOW ST.

George A. Jackson
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
No. 6 Dearborn Street
Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to.

Boston Tavern.
Handy to Theatres and in the Heart of the Business District.
Ordway Pl. & 347 Washington St
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C. L. YORKE, PROP.
347 WASHINGTON STREET
BOSTON
STRICTLY FIREPROOF.
European Plan.
PRIVATE DINING ROOMS
THEATRE AND DINNER PARTIES A SPECIALTY.

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Of Portsmouth, N. H
Paid-Up Capital, $200,000
OFFICERS
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DEALERS IN
Eastern and Western LUMBER
SHINGLES, CLAPBOARDS, PICKETS, ETC,
For Cash at Lowest Market Prices.
Market Street,
PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

GRAND UNION HOTEL
Opposite Grand Central Station
NEW YORK CITY
Every convenience at moderate expense.
Rooms $1.00 a day and upward
Send 2-cent stamp for New York City Guidebook and Map.

Before Taking

Beecham's Pills, the man or woman who is disturbed by indigestion, sluggish bowels, biliousness, sick headache, bad blood, dizziness, or loss of sleep is in a bad way.

These conditions should be remedied. After a few doses of

After Taking

Beecham's Pills a man or woman feels like a new person. They quickly dispel acute attacks of indigestion, act naturally on the bowels, regulate the bile, stimulate the kidneys, relieve headache and bring refreshing sleep.

Beecham's Pills

there is a quick improvement in the general health. Slight ailments may develop into more serious affairs, unless promptly taken in hand. Use Beecham's Pills when you feel out of condition and you will have no cause to complain that

You Feel Worn and Old

Sold Everywhere in Boxes

are a natural laxative, a fine tonic, a blood purifier. Their beneficial effects are thorough and lasting. Being purely vegetable their use occasions no reaction. Their message is health; their use a blessing. Taken when there is need their mission is to make

You Feel Fresh and Young

10c. and 25c.

THE LEADING SUMMER RESORT IN THIS VICINITY

HAMPTON BEACH

The Casino, Ocean House and Hampton Inn,

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT,

GRAVES & RAMSDELL, - LESSEES AND MANAGERS.

Specialty of Banquets.

Arrange your Church, Club or Society Outing at the Casino, Hampton Beach. Private Dining Room with a seating capacity of four hundred.

CUISINE UNDER THIS MANAGEMENT UNEXCELLED.

PROMPT AND COURTEOUS WAITRESSES.

PLENTY OF THEM.

Ocean House Opens on June 15th.

The Best Furnished and Leading Hotels at the Beach.

SPRING SUITINGS,

OVERCOATINGS, VESTINGS AND TROWSERINGS.

Our stock is selected carefully, chosen with discriminating care and a ripened judgment in buying and selling from the best productions of the weaver's art, and as a consequence we offer the finest

Domestic and Imported Woolens

to be found in the city. Among the woolen certainties fo Spring and Summer we show a full range of special patterns in exclusive designs and many decided novelties in all the newest weaves as well as the favorite staple goods.

Military and Naval Tailoring.

CHARLES J. WOOD,

3 PLEASANT STREET.

TELEPHONE 311-12.

FIRE ARMS
Blank Cartridges
Sporting Goods

A. P. Wendell & Co.,

2 Market Square.

Have a Laugh With Us

—AT THE—

COLORED MINSTREL SHOW

To be given by the Membe[illegible]

Tuesday Night, July 2—Y. M. C. A. Hall

Bright Parodies, Laughable Jokes, Pickaninny Quartet

ADMISSION, - - 25 CENTS

MANY NEW LAWS

Passed at Last Session of Congress

SUMMARY OF LEGISLATION OF IMPORTANCE

More Stringent Laws Governing Admission of Immigrants

OTHERS AFFECTING RAILROADS AND THE KEEPING OF ACCOUNTS

Washington, D. C., June 29—With the begining of the government's fiscal year next Monday many important legislative acts by the last Congress will become operative. One of the important measures to become effective is the new immigration law. All the sections of this law will go into effect, with the exception of the section relating to Japanese coolies which became effective when the act was passed. The law contains many new features designed to bring in a better class of immigrants. The head tax is increased to four dollars, and the excluded classes are considerably enlarged.

Another of the important measures to come into force Monday is that provision of the rate law which authorizes the interstate commerce commission to require the railroads to install a uniform system of accounting. The system will cover operating revenues and operating expenses, and the railroads will be compelled to file monthly reports. The method adopted is intended to insure a correct statement of revenues from operation and is expected to result in keeping the cost of improvements out of operating expenses and therefore exclude them from the cost of performing current business. The expenses of soliciting traffic is separated from the expense of hauling traffic. The construction accounts are to be so drawn that a current record of the physical value of railway property is always accessible.

The post office department has received a sort of broadside of legislation effective next Monday. Here are the more important things provided for:

Clerks in offices of the first and second class carriers in the city delivery service will be divided into six grades.

In the first grade the salary will be $600; in the second grade, $800; third grade, $900; fourth grade, $1000; fifth grade, $1100; sixth grade, $1200.

On the first day of the month celrks and carriers at first-class offices will be promoted successively to the fifth grade, and clerks and carriers at second-class offices will be promoted successixely to the fourth grade. Every promotion is to be based on efficiency and faithfulness.

Any clerk will be eligible for transfer to the service of a carrier, and any carrier will be eligible for transfer to the service of a clerk.

Every city carrier now regularly employed at a salaryy $800 a year will be promoted to the fourth grade at $1000 a year provided there is submitted at the post office department evidence of efficiency and faithfulness.

Substitutes may be employed for clerks and carriers at the rate of 30 cents an hour, and a substitute becomes eligible for appointment to the first grade.

Employees in the railway mail service are classified and nearly everybody in this branch of the service will receive an increase of $100.

Rural letter carriers who coevr what is known as a full route will receive $900 a year instead of $720.

The compensation paid the railroads for carrying the mails is to be reeadjusted, and the pay considerably reduced.

The aggregate increase in the pay of the post office clerks and carriers will amount to nearly $4,500,000 a year. But the economy that will be achieved by the reduction in the amount paid the railroads for carrying the emails will also foot up well into the millions.

State of New Hampshire—Rockingham, ss

BY THE HON. JUDGE OF PROBATE FOR SAID COUNTY.

TO the heirs at law and creditors of the estate of Jane C. Peverly, late of Portsmouth, in said County, deceased, intestate, and all persons interested in said estate, GREETING.

YOU are hereby notified that Alice J. Hett, Administratrix of the estate of said deceased, has filed her account of administering said estate in the Probate Office for said County, and will present the same at a Court of Probate to be holden at Exeter, in and for said County, on the fourth Tuesday of July next, at 10 o'clock A. M., for examination and allowance. And at the same Court will be taken into consideration for allowance the private claim of said Administratrix against said estate, amounting to $3,120, and founded on board, care, etc.

YOU are therefore hereby cited to appear at said Court to be heard thereon, and to make such objections as you may then have. And notice is hereby required to be given by causing this citation to be published three weeks successively in the *Portsmouth Herald*, a newspaper printed at Portsmouth, in said County, the last publication whereof to be at least one week prior to said Court.

Dated at Exeter, June 27th, A. D. 1907.

By order of the Judge,

GEORGE F. RICHARDS, Register of Probate.

h.je29,jy6,13

HARVARD FRESHMEN WIN

Yale Four Oared Crew, However, Take Their Race

Harvard's freshman eight defeated the Yale freshmen in one of the best races seen on the Thames course on Friday afternoon. The Yale four oared crew however took that race in grand style, having a runaway match and finishing ten lengths to the good.

The freshmen's race was a repetition of the varsity race of Thursday, with the Harvard crew winning out with a splended spurt. Their time was Harvard 11m. 14s., Yale 11m. 14s.

In the four oared race Yale easily won on better form and better staying powers, and after the first half of the race it was simply a question of the distance. Time, Yale 12m. 33s., Harvard 13m. 15s.

NEWPORT TO SAIL

Massachusetts Naval Militia Will Take Ship Around to Boston

The United States gun boat Newport, which has been loaned to the Massachusetts Naval Militia for their use this Summer, sailed from the navy yard this morning at nine o'clock.

On Friday afternoon fifty members of the naval militia arrived here from Boston and went aboard the ship, and with the crew already on board there are now upwards of seventy-five men.

The stores have been taken aboard during the past week, and several of the regularly enlisted men from the U. S. S. Warbash will make the trip to look after the engine room.

PORTSMOUTH, RYE BEACH AND WALLIS SANDS EXPRESS

Will make daily trips from Portsmouth to points along the seashore to collect and deliver parcels, baggage, etc., to all parts of the beach and in Portsmouth.

Orders can be left at, or telephone to the stores of Henry P. Payne, A. P. Wendell, Rufus Wood, John Holland, Portsmouth, N. H., Charles Spear, Rye Beach postoffice, Otis Jenness's stable, and we will also call at all the hotels.

NOTICE

The city clerk's office will be open Saturday evening from 7.30 to 9.30 for the purpose of issuing dog licenses.

Please call at this office before the dog officer calls on you.

LAMONT HILTON, City Clerk.

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It sooths the child softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Guaranteed under the food and drugs act June 30, 1906. Serial number. 1098.

New York's Milk Supply.

New York city's milk supply comes from 86,000 farms, situated in six states, varying in distance from the metropolis from 10 to 400 miles.

Why Be Ignorant?

A good many people remain ignorant all their lives merely because they hate to make use of the little word "why."

Nurse Maid Poisoned Child.

A nurse maid in Irkutsk, Sibera, poisoned the child given in her care to get rid of the trouble of watching it.

The Turning Point.

In many a man's life the turning point is reached just after a pretty girl passes.—Chicago Daily News.

Madrid High Above the Sea.

Madrid lies higher than any other European capital. Its height above the sea is 2,090 feet.

European Population.

For Europe generally the population increases yearly by 41 to every 10,000 inhabitants.

Death Rates of Armies.

The average annual death rate of all the standing armies of the world is 9 per 1,000.

KITTERY LETTER.

(Continued from first page)

Rev. E. H. Macy will, by invitation of the local Woman's Christian Temperance Union, give a sermon appropriate to "Stainless Flag day," subject, "Dependence or Independence." Everyone is welcome to all services.

Services at the Second Methodist Church tomorrow will be as follows: Preaching at 10.30 by the pastor, Rev. Daniel Onstott, subject "Hope in the Life to Come"; Sunday school at twelve; Epworth League at six; at seven there will be a union temperance service. All are welcome.

W. H. Haines has moved his family from Lawrence, Mass., into the Fernald house on Newmarch street.

MAY COME HERE

Washington, D. C., June 28.—Admiral Baron Yamamtoto of the Japanese navy, ex-minister of marine, accompanied by five Japanese naval officers, is expected to arrive in New York July 8, in the Carmania. They have been in Europe visiting dock yards, shipyards and other establishments for the production of warship material, and desire to visit American yards and industrial establishments of like character. They will be in the United States a month, and expect to visit the Jamestown exposition.

Feel languid, weak, run-down? Headache? Stomach "off"?—Just a plain case of lazy liver. Burdock Blood Bitters tones liver and stomach, promotes digestion, purifies the blood.

"Our Customers Are Fashion's Friends."

HEAD this way if you want Headwear of any kind

All the correct models in Straws and Panamas from New England's favorite hatters, Lamson & Hubbard. Derbies and Soft Hats of the celebrated "Stetson" make. Summer weight headwear of all kinds.

HENRY PEYSER & SON,

"Selling The Togs Of The Period."

OLIVER W. HAM,

(Successor to Samuel S. Fletcher)

60 Market St.,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker

NIGHT CALLS at 62 and 64 Market Street, or at Residence, Corner New Vaughan Street and Raynes Avenue.

TELEPHONE 59-2.

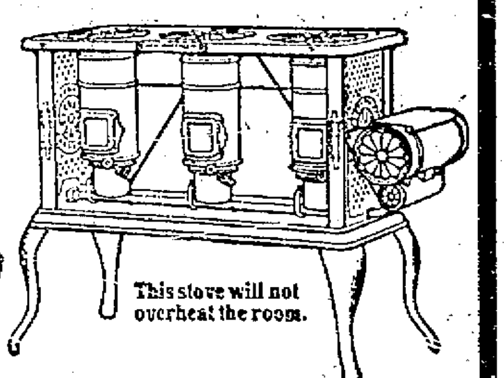
BUTTER AND PRODUCE

We are headquarters for VERMONT DAIRY and CREAMERY BUTTER. Also SOUTHERN AND NATIVE PRODUCE.

F. E. LOUGEE, 18 Daniel Street

Telephone 325-2.

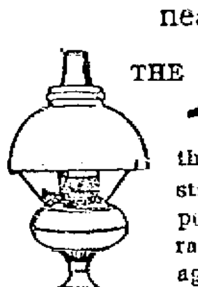
Enjoy A Cool Kitchen



The kitchen work that *must* be done this summer will be lessened, your fuel expense reduced, and your kitchen cooler, if you use a

NEW PERFECTION
Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

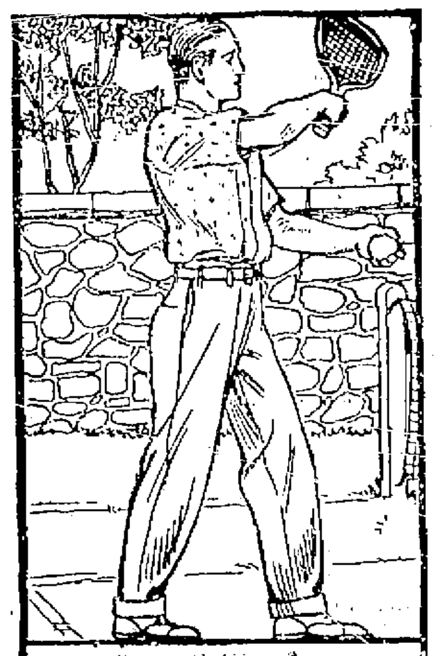
It is the *improved* oil stove—the *new* oil stove. Up-to-date in every particuiar. Lighted instantly. Gives the hottest flame produced by any stove. Made with one, two, and three burners. Every stove warranted. Write our nearest agency if not at your dealer's.



THE **Rayo LAMP** is the best lamp for all-round household use. Made of brass throughout and beautifully nickeled. Perfectly constructed; absolutely safe; unexcelled in light-giving power; an ornament to any room. Every lamp warranted. If not at your dealer's, write to our nearest agency.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF NEW YORK (Incorporated)

WE ARE MOVING UPWARD



WALD MOULDED TROUSERS

To the pinnacle of success. We especially call your attention to our hot weather goods—

Outing Suits
Blue Serges
Fancy Vests
Alpacas
Soft Shirts

Straw Hats, including Panamas

IN ALL PRICES

Everything for comfort in the Shoe Department.

Trunks and Bags for the Traveler.

N. H. BEANE & CO.,

Boots, Shoes and Clothing,

NO. 3 CONGRESS ST.

WOULDN'T YOU?

Wouldn't you like to have us do the hard part of your sewing for you?

See the motor in our window.

ROCKINGHAM COUNTY LIGHT & POWER CO

Commercial Club Whiskey

A Pure Beverage Especially Adapted for Sickness. All First-class Dealers Keep It.

BOTTLED BY EUGENE LYNCH, BOSTON, MASS.

Thomas Loughlin, Islington Street

AGENT FOR PORTSMOUTH

A UNIQUE RECORD

Not Another Like It in Our Broad Republic

To give positive home testimony in every locality is of itself unanswerable proof of merit; but when we add to this the continued endorsement from people who testified years ago no evidence can be stronger. A citizen gratefully acknowledges the good received from Doan's Kidney Pills and when time has tested the cure we find the same hearty endorsement with added enthusiasm and continued praise. Cases of this kind are plentiful in the work of Doan's Kidney Pills, and such a record is unique in the annals of medicine.

A. P. Blake, living at 23 High street, Portsmouth, N. H., says: "I met with an accident some years ago and since then I have suffered more or less with my kidneys. I had distressing pains in my back, accompanied by soreness and attacks of dizziness. I was also troubled with the kidney secretions. Reading about Doan's Kidney Pills and the cures they had made, induced me to try them, and I procured a box at Philbrick's Pharmacy. On account of my advanced age I could hardly expect them to completely cure me but I will say that Doan's Kidney Pills relieved my backache and corrected the urinary difficulties. I am very grateful for the good they have done me. You will remember that I wrote you a statement at that time recommending this remedy, and allowed you to publish same. I can reindorse what I said at that time."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

A New Hotel
at the Old Stand
$250,000 has not been spent
Remodeling, Refurnishing, and Redecorating the
HOTEL EMPIRE
Broadway, Empire Square & 63d St.
NEW YORK CITY.
Restaurant and Service Unsurpassed
Splendid Location
Most Modern Improvements
All surface carpass or transfer to door
Subway and "L" stations 2 minutes
Hotel fronting on three streets
Electric Clocks, Telephones and Automatic Lighting Devices in every room
Moderate Rates
MUSIC
W. Johnson Quinn, Proprietor
Send for guide of New York- Free

Horse Shoeing
CARRIAGE WORK AND BLACKSMITHING.
your horse is not going right come and see us. We charge nothing for examination and consultation.
If you want your carriages or carts repaired, or new ones made, we will give you the benefit of our 45 years experience in this business without expense.
Sign Hanging and General Job Work Attended To.
Satisfaction Guaranteed
IRA C. SEYMOUR,
21-2 Linden St.

COAL AND WOOD
C. R. WALKER & CO.,
Commission Merchant
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Coal and Wood
Office Cor State and Water Sts

NOTICE.

THE subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of Clara T. Peckham, late of Portsmouth, N. H., in the County of Rockingham, deceased.

All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment.

FRED E. PECKHAM.

Dated June 15th, 1907. 6,11

The Woman Who Knew

By WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

BILL DUDLEY, who owned the peach farm touching the western borders of the hills, peered in through the open door of Hatfield's shanty as he drove by. Hatfield was there, bending over the stove, occupied probably with a rasher of bacon and a tin cup of tea. Above the faint sizzle from the pan and the rustling grind of the wheels in the heavy sand of the road, Dudley heard the muttering of a voice. It was as if Hatfield were talking back at the sputter of the fat. Dudley pulled up in sudden pity and called. The man's murmur ceased, but a flock of geese behind the shanty whanged up a general and animated comment. Hatfield appeared at the door.

He was tall, young, black haired. His face had the yellowish whiteness of an unblued washing. His body was bent, his long arms hanging forward like an aged farmer's.

"Tomorrer's Sunday," Dudley began, with effort. "What be you a-goin' t' do? They's partridge—slews o' partridge—in them swails yonder on the west slopes. Then, of we want a blue-bill, or redhead, or mallard—you know Pitman lake, an' fishin' in old Silver? Lew Gall got a 20 pounder thar yistiddy—grass pike. Come on along. Peaches all marketed. Apples are better out in the cool. Least they won't spile. Save yer pork fur winter and hev game fur a week. Come on!"

"Thank you, Dudley, but I'd better not. I'm a poor hunter."

"Time you war learnin', then. Come on!"

"But—"

"I'll rout you out 'bout three an' a half in the mornin'. We'll go to the duck cove fust, an' wait for light to see the birds. I got two guns. Git up, Pollie! G'long!"

This invitation of Dudley's must weigh in as a virtue. He would far rather have gone hunting alone. Moreover, the day's sport would be strained because free silences and random chatter were impossible in the presence of an inscrutable fellow like Hatfield. Dudley was the happiest man in the hills just now. He turned back after Pollie had plodded on a hundred yards or so. Hatfield was still standing in his doorway, his body appearing long drawn and helpless.

Dudley smoked, chuckled to the mare, and smacked his lips at the west. He had reached the High ridge. The view was glorious, startling. The fields and lakes and forests shone through a golden grenadine of Indian summer haze. All the jewels of heaven seemed to have dropped into the valley, there to glow in the smoky light of the red-hot crucible sagging down west. . . . About a quarter of a mile south of Dudley's place there was a white cottage with green blinds. A handsome young woman appeared at the door of the cottage, glanced back cautiously, then waved a hurried, laughing kiss at Dudley as he passed.

Hatfield lingered at the doorway until the tea boiled over and the bacon was charred. He would, perhaps, have forgotten to eat had not the scalding bubbles aroused him. Most pitiable was his attempt. The odor of food sickened him. He drank the tea from the leaves and set the rest away, handling the dishes repugnantly. Then he rolled a cigarette, and lit it, and hurried out in the air. The dark was growing. He reflected miserably that cigarettes were always endurable.

Why did Hatfield live alone on the Hill farm? One must travel beyond the ridge district to learn this. A few suggested that weak lungs were responsible for his purchase of the little fruit farm and his staunch adherence thereto; others believed that he had dissipated fortune, physique and morals in metropolitan company, and that he sought to repair all three by solitude and toil incessant. Which guess was farthest afield is not for this narrative. A few things were known: that he spoke as one having culture and understanding; that he labored from dawn to dark in the frail but careless manner of a woman; that he paid for what he bought swiftly and without question; that he gladly harbored wayfarers, but avoided affiliations with his neighbors; that he lived carelessly, bitterly, and absolutely alone.

Had you watched him that night you would have learned that Hatfield's soul held the passion and poetry of a Greek's, the supreme fervor of a man allied with the idols of a boy. And you might have imagined without touching doubtful fabric that his mastering romance was tortured by a knowledge of physical infirmities, fanned by solitude and rendered maddening by its purposeless fruition.

It was dark before moonrise. The geese were regabbling the day's events by the water trough. Hatfield paused suddenly. He had walked for an hour, walked swiftly to and fro, between the barn and the shed. He almost ran indoors, lit his lamp, placed it beside the mirror in the kitchen, and shaved with clumsy haste. Then he bathed outside at the cistern and attired himself in clothing of rare taste and quality, but which hung tragically loose. There was an irrevocable sorrow in the largeness of that suit of a year ago. The hills had not added unto his flesh. When all was done, he left the house and hurried up the road in the direction Dudley had taken.

A slip of the moon had dawned in the far southwest. The rectangular glot of shadow ahead was the white cottage with green blinds. As Hatfield approached words softly spoken reached him. He crept into the elder shrubs which obscured the roadside and made his way forward until his suffering eyes caught a dim view of two figures at the gate, the figure of a man and of a woman (whose voices he knew) in lovers' embrace.

"What was that noise?" the woman asked, intensely, drawing quickly away from the other.

"Nothin' but a bunny in th' brush," Dudley whispered, amorously. "We're goin' out after game to-morrer—me an' Hatfield—pore devil, looked so lonesome as I druv by this evenin' thet I just had t' ask him t' come along."

There was a long silence.

"Bill," said the woman, at last, "now that we're engaged and goin' to be married, I've got to 'fess up. You know this spring we all thought Hatfield was dyin' of consumption. Well, I tried to be good to him, brought him little cookin's, you know, an' tried t' tidy up his house a bit. Well, he'd look at me kinda funny all the time, sorta pitiful, an' yet I can't exactly tell how he looked. I took it jus' th' same as any nurse would a fever patient—allowin' fur him, y' know. An' one day he said he wished I could always be aroun' thet little cabin o' his'n, an' the words scared him, an' he looked out at the rainy peach blossoms for a long spell, red as any lamp shade. Another time he said I was the kind of a woman that the supreme intelligence intended the breed to be—strong backed and soft handed! Or somepin' like thet. An' then his cough eased up and he tuk to work, and I didn't go no more. Two or three times he came here in th' evenin', but mother tuk care of him, an' I was allus pickin' plums or cannin' peaches. An' thet's all."

Dudley laughed.

"I ain't afraid of pore Hatfield a-cutin' me out," he said.

"But be nice t' him t'morrer," the woman whispered, hastily. "He's a pore, sad feller, an' harmless as—"

"Harmless as a rabbit," Dudley finished.

A few minutes before four the next morning, while it was still black night, Dudley drew up his rig at Hatfield's gate. There was neither sound nor sign of light in the shanty, so the driver made a huge noise and prepared to wait. Scarcely 30 seconds passed before Hatfield appeared in the clothes he had worn the night before. Dudley turned his lantern upon the gaunt figure.

"Go an' git yer rubber boots," he commanded, laughingly. "Can't do 'thout 'em."

Hatfield obeyed silently, and two minutes later was driven rapidly toward Pitman lake. The horse was fastened on the high rail and Dudley led the way to the cove.

"You've got the best gun," the man of experience explained—"12-gauge hammerless. Press down that little lever on the left side an' you cock her. . . . No, don't cock her yit. She's loaded!"

They had a mile to walk. The day was gathering.

"S-sh-h!" warned Dudley. "We're purty nigh thar. Ye don't want t' skeer 'em! By cripes, but ye're a fool with a gun!"

"Did you say that you press this left lever down to cock the piece—both barrels?" Hatfield gasped.

"Sure," whispered Dudley. "The lake's yonder. D'ye see it?"

Pitman was ahead, showing up pearl gray in the dawning, like the mist which hangs over a bog.

"S-sh-h!" warned Dudley. "Thar's a flock down in the cove—hear 'em? We'll get a bunch—fust shot!"

They crept on. Dudley turned at last, his body bent behind an artificial blind in the edge of the bluff over the cove. His arm was raised to further command silence.

Hatfield was crouched, too. The nerves of the man wrung a horrid scream from his throat, before the crash of the gun.

That instant it seemed that the whole lake rattled and clacked, but the sound was merely from the cove where the vast flock was rising. . . . Hatfield saw the other sink upon his gun, his chin and throat a blotch of deep color.

Two or three hours later Hatfield's brain assumed command of surviving faculties. He was two miles away on the far shore of old Silver. He was harboring a world of ancient passion — that of killing himself. The lake was there, but it did not appeal. The knife in his pocket horrified. He wanted one more shell. Dudley had given him two, but both barrels were empty. There were innumerable shells on Dudley's body. He started back, running.

The place was changed. Dudley was not there! Other hunters had come to the blind. Hatfield searched on his hands and knees for one dropped shell, thus he was found by those who required him.

The twelve wise men adjudged him insane after many days, but the woman who knew most, yet who had done no wrong, remained to weep. — Chicago Tribune.

The Nile Dam.

Sir Benjamin Baker, who built the Nile dam, has just given out some new figures concerning the dam and its consequences. During the critical periods for the crops—March to June—the supply of water for irrigation was doubled by the dam. The irrigation of rice, prohibited in previous years, was allowed, and the increase in value of land now converted to irrigation is calculated at over $25,000,000.

Quick Work.

Word comes from Iowa that the champion corn husker husked 208 bushels of corn in ten hours. That is what might be called moving the crop on the lightning express, remarks the Chicago News.

Must Take Their Choice.

Chicago has served formal notice upon highwaymen, says the Washington Post, that they must either go to work or go into politics if they want to remain in the city.

SUFFRENUS.

I guess I liked Suffrenus just
Because he used to come
And crook his elbow up, and ask
If he could see me home.
We didn't go to the same church—
I'm Baptist through and through;
Suffrenus Presbyterian,
The bluest of the blue.

It didn't matter if I was
As plain as plain could be,
Suffrenus always seemed to have
A notion after me.
My! plenty girls about the town
Would give a lot to talk
And chatter with Suffrenus when
He went to take a walk.

Suffrenus couldn't sing a bit—
A note to him was blind;
He didn't dress so very loud,
But, ah! he was so kind.
He had a cowlick on his head,
And freckles on his nose;
But love don't never bother with
Such little things as those.

His letters used to come to me
With funny words to spell;
Suffrenus owned a hundred cows
And meadow land as well.
Suffrenus couldn't dance a step—
"Too bashful," so he said;
But dancing never made the man
A proper man to wed.

Suffrenus owned a clever nag—
I'll tell it if I must;
His buggy never used to take
The other people's dust.
Also he owned the nicest farm
The Lord has ever made,
And so between us both, you see,
I never was afraid.

I never was afraid to say
"Yes," when he asked me to—
Suffrenus Presbyterian,
I Baptist through and through.
And I have never felt a bit
Of fret or worry, see,
Because we didn't both belong
To churches that agree.

—Horace Seymour Keller, in N. Y. Sun.

A Disastrous Cab Ride

By HOWARD DEVINE

(Copyright, 1903, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

IF ANYBODY had told Ralph Huston that one short cab ride of six blocks could destroy the reputation he had built up by years of hard work and righteous living; lose him the position at the bank which he had acquired by so many years of faithful work and drag his beloved wife and himself into the divorce court, he would have laughed at the idea. Now, however, he laughs not at all at such a story and shuns cabs as something diabolical and devilish.

And yet the cab ride referred to was the most innocent thing that could happen. On the morning of September 10 as Huston was gulping down his breakfast in his daily effort to catch the 7:30, his wife spoke from behind the coffee pot.

"How much was the gas bill this month, dear?" she asked.

He paused in the process of throwing large spoonsful of the newest advertised health food into his mouth, and a startled expression spread over his countenance.

"By jingo, I forgot to pay it," he announced in dismay. "Let's see, what day is this?" And he hastily grabbed the morning paper.

"Oh, it's all right. It's the 10th."

"Well, don't forget it," continued Mrs. Huston. "This is the last day and remember the gas office closes at one o'clock on Saturdays."

No danger of his forgetting it. The discount on the bill was 28 cents and every cent counted in the effort they were making to pay for that suburban cottage they had bought on the installment plan. He could not get away from his desk until 11:30, when he had a half hour for lunch. The gas office was six blocks away and he had to calculate pretty closely to find time to make the trip and get time to snatch a mouthful of lunch in the brief half hour.

As he dashed down the stone steps three at a time and started on a half run down the street, a familiar voice hailed him:

"Hi there, Huston; where ye going so fast?"

Turning, he beheld his old friend Ben Phillips sitting on the box of a shiney new cab driving leisurely down the street. He and Phillips had been shipping clerks together in a wholesale house years ago, when he first went to work. He knew in a general way that Ben had become a cab driver, but had not seen him for years.

Mentally chafing at the loss of a precious moment he shouted in reply:

"Goin' to the gas office. I'm in the deuce of a hurry. How are you?"

He waved his arm and hurried on.

"Wait a minute," shouted Phillips. "I'm going right past the door on my way to the barn. Hop in and I'll land you there in a jiffy."

This struck Huston as a most practical suggestion, and in he climbed and a moment later was being hurried along at thrice the pace he could have made on foot. As he whirled along the grim humor of the situation appealed to him, and he chuckled to himself. The cab was a new one of the latest model, rubber tires and all that sort of thing, and it shone like a piano. "Here I am riding in a swell cab like a drunken sport to save 28 cents on my gas bill," thought Huston, and he laughed aloud.

Phillips was true to his word and made his best time, dashing down the street as though he was making a train, finally coming up in front of the gas office with a whirl and a flourish. He proposed to show his old friend that he was strictly onto his job.

Huston leaped from the cab, waving his thanks to Phillips and rushed into the office, where he paid his bill to an astounded clerk who had beheld his approach, and a moment later was whistling up the street toward the dairy lunch room, where he arrived in ample time to swallow his pie and coffee with no more than normal haste.

Now all this seems innocent enough and commonplace enough, does it not? But when Fate is weaving a web about a man the yarn may seem simple when the result is to be most complex.

There were two persons who observed the descent of Huston and the cab upon the gas office with surprise. These were the instruments of Fate. One was Mr. James Wharton, third vice president of the bank; the other a young married woman, Mrs. Josephine Hodges by name, a confidential friend of Mrs. Huston. In his haste Huston saw neither of them.

"H'm," muttered Mr. James Wharton. "Good deal of style for a young man of Huston's salary, it seems to me. Wonder what's his hurry?"

So, ever vigilant in the interests of the bank, Mr. James Wharton stepped into the gas office and asked the clerk what Huston's mission was.

"Paid a gas bill of $2.80," replied the clerk, grinning. "Must have been awful anxious to keep the company out of 28 cents to pay a dollar to a cabman to do it."

"Must be drunk or crazy," muttered the bank official to himself as he hurried out.

During the brief remainder of the day at the bank the third vice president watched Huston narrowly. That unconscious person with the humor of the cab incident uppermost in his mind certainly did grin and chuckle from time to time in a manner that gave color to Wharton's suspicions.

These suspicions were duly voiced at the daily conference of the officers and they lost no time in telling—as suspicions never do—and the upshot was that it was decided to have Huston's books quietly examined by an expert and to have a little examination made into his life and habits out of the bank.

In the meantime trouble of an entirely different nature was brewing for the unfortunate Huston. On that fatal September morning after he had left home, Mrs. Josephine Hodges called on Mrs. Huston and together they had gone into the city on a little shopping expedition. While crossing a street just as the bells were striking 11 they had been run down by a careless cabman and had narrowly escaped injury. When they protested sharply they had taken the number of his cab, 1476, with a threat to make trouble for him. A blond woman with peroxide hair and supernaturally tinted cheeks had leaned from the cab and laughed at their anger, but had been pulled back by a man whose face they did not see. Mrs. Huston had hurried home, but Mrs. Hodges had gone to the gas office to pay her gas bill. There she had seen the pyrotechnic arrival of Huston in the cab and had noted, involuntarily the number of the cab—1476.

To say that the discovery surprised her would be to put it mildly. She nearly fainted at the importance of her discovery. It was the same cab that had run them down a short time ago and, of course, Huston was the companion of the peroxide blond. In her haste to tell "poor Flo" (to-wit, Mrs. Huston) of her discovery she forgot to pay her gas bill and arrived at the Huston cottage nearly as soon as Mrs. Huston.

The consequence was that when Huston arrived home that afternoon, bursting with the joke about the cab he found a deserted cottage very much disordered with evidences of a hasty packing, and a brief, tear-stained note informing him that he was a base wretch and that his wife had gone home to her mother.

Utterly bewildered, he hurried to the home of his wife's people, but was not admitted nor was he permitted to see his wife.

In the meantime Mr. John Hodges, expert bookkeeper, had been summoned by the bank to go over Huston's books on Sunday. Having been made the confidant of his wife Josephine, he was not surprised and hinted as much to the bank officials.

"You know his wife has left him," chattered Hodges, proud to be the vehicle of such a choice morsel. "A blond woman, cabs, wine—all that sort of thing."

So, although not an irregularity was found in the books, the officials thought it better to take no chances and Monday Mr. Huston found a polite note on his desk informing him that his services would be no longer required, and that instead of the usual 30 days' notice pay for that time would be handed him by the second assistant cashier and no further work would be required of him.

Before he left the bank a deputy sheriff served papers announcing the beginning of divorce proceedings by his wife.

The next few weeks may be passed over in silence. Huston's frame of mind defies description in cold type. When his wife's bill was filed and his lawyer called him in to discuss it, a great light broke upon him. Then his temper asserted itself and he disdained explanations.

The case went to trial, and the courtroom was crowded, attracted by the promise of sensational testimony. The case of the plaintiff was brought to a dramatic close by the testimony of Mrs. Hodges regarding her discovery of Huston descending from a cab bearing the number 1476.

All eyes were on the defendant. He laughed sardonically.

"Hardened wretch," murmured the crowd.

Huston's lawyer called the officials of the bank to testify that Huston was at his desk from 8:30 to 11:30 on the morning of September 10. Then Ben Phillips was called and told the story of the cab ride in about six sentences, but with many grins.

Let us draw the curtain upon the ending of the case of Mrs. Huston's deep contrition and humiliation. Let it only be recorded that the cottage is again a happy home and that Huston occupies his old desk at the bank a more cynical and wiser man—and a man who shies whenever he sees a cab. As for Mrs. Hodges, Mrs. Huston passes her with nose and chin well in the air.

SOLILOQUY.

Now I lay me down to sleep—
Don't want to sleep; I want to think.
I didn't mean to spill that ink;
I only meant to softly creep
Under the desk an' be a bear—
'T ain't 'bout the spanking that I care.

'F she'd only let me 'splain an' tell
Just how it was an accident,
An' that I never truly meant,
An' never saw it till it fell.
I feel a whole lot worse'n her;
I'm sorry, an' I said I were.

I s'pose if I'd just cried a lot
An' choked all up like sister does,
An' acted sadder than I wuz,
An' sobbed about the "naughty spot,"
She'd said: "He sha'n't be whipped, he sha'n't,"
An' kissed me—but, somehow, I can't.

But I don't think it's fair a bit
That when she talks an' talks at you,
An' you wait patient till she's through,
An' start to tell your side of it,
She says: "Now, that'll do, my son;
I've heard enough," 'fore you've begun.

'F I should die before I wake—
Maybe I ain't got any soul;
Maybe there's only just a hole
Where 't ought to be—there's such an ache
Down there somewhere! She seemed to think
That I just loved to spill that ink!

—Ethel M. Kelly, in Century.

The Toast of Death

By ADRIANNE ROUCOLLE

(Copyright, 1903, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

SHE was wondrously beautiful as far as mere perfection of the features went, but there was something in the cold glitter of the eye which to a close observer of human nature would have meant that the lovely face was only the lying mask of a shallow, selfish soul. Yet men loved her, her beauty was to them the loadstone which drew their hearts as does the bright light to the summer moth.

She gloried in her conquests and it was with ever increasing pride that she named those who had loved her. Her fame was universal thoughout Spain, for it was known that princes, dukes, noblemen, and even a king had loved her.

Yet one man had baffled her, for beneath the burning invitation of her luminous eyes he had remained cold, indifferent, almost contemptuous, and because of that Lopez de Servedo became almost as famous as the woman whose charm he had withstood.

But a woman of Margarita Toreno's type does not at once pronounce herself vanquished. If he could withstand her charm it was that his heart was filled by another love, a love that must be killed before she could hope to conquer. It did not take her long to know Lopez's secret, for she was rich and detectives are clever. It was a simple tale of tender love, pure and holy. The powerful Lopez de Servedo loved one much beneath him in social rank, one whom his proud parents would never have recognized as their equal. He had therefore married her in secret and kept his bliss and her beauty concealed in a lonely villa some distance from the noise and vice of the city.

When Margarita heard this she had a cry of triumph.

"Now that I know his secret he is mine; he shall cringe at my feet and sue for the love he has scorned, but first I must get rid of her."

For a week she thought; she even went so far as to visit the little villa and try with a lying tale of Lopez's infidelity to make her successful rival leave the man she wanted. In this she failed, and returning home, humbled by her want of success, she cried:

"Then there is only one way; she must die."

A week later all Madrid was shocked by the news of a mysterious murder which had been committed in a lonely villa. A young woman living alone with two servants was found dead one morning, a dagger thrust through the heart. Margarita's well paid assassin had done his work.

Lopez de Servedo did not change anything in his manner of living. He was still seen in his box at the opera; he still frequented the various gambling halls of the town; he drove his fast horses with the same careless grace, but could anyone have seen within his heart they would have been startled by the tragic depths of his despair. The dead woman had been the one love of his life, and had it not been for the hope of avenging her he would have soon rejoined her in the grave.

After awhile his indifference toward Margarita seemed to melt. His visits to her home became more frequent and soon it was murmured that Lopez de Servedo had at last fallen a victim to her charms. She thought so too and rejoiced.

"I knew," she thought, "that once freed from his infatuation for that girl he would turn to me. And now he is mine. He loves me—and, yes, I love him!"

A month after the strange murder Lopez and a number of young men and women were assembled in Margarita's home, for Lopez wished to proclaim in a public fashion his liason with the beautiful courtesan. The wine flowed freely and as its vapors mounted to the heads, jokes and laughter reigned supreme. Only Lopez remained calm, indifferent, cold.

Margarita, intoxicated as much by the triumph of this hour as by the wine she had drunk, talked as she had never done before, surprising all by the brilliancy of her wit, the quickness of her repartee.

Dessert was served and new wines brought in. Lopez rose and, with a graceful gesture imposed silence for a moment. He did not speak, as though he wished to give to all time to admire his elegant form and dark, handsome face; then he began; his voice, soft and melodious, fell on the ear like a caress:

"In most banquets toasts are drank, and as this is an occasion of special joy to me, I wish that we follow the custom. So I appoint myself as toastmaster and will call on each and every one of you for a toast."

He resumed his seat amid the boisterous hurrahs of his companions. For awhile, in answer to Lopez's request, toasts of different characters were given amid the general laughter of the guests. When all had spoken someone remarked:

"Servedo has not spoken, and a man loved by the peerless Margarita must have much to say."

Lopez smiled and refilling his glass began:

"Certainly; I have much to say and will not shrink the task. I have a story I wish you to hear, but before I relate it I want you all to drink a toast with me."

All raised their glasses and waited. Lopez turned to Margarita, saying:

"You will drink out of my glass this time, drinking only half, leaving the other half for me."

Smilingly she put down her glass and Lopez began:

"I drink to the most beautiful, the most outwardly perfect woman in the world, to Margarita Toreno."

All glasses were drained and after Margarita had drunk half of what was in Lopez's he swallowed the rest, adding with a smile:

"This is our love troth," and he resumed his seat. "Now for my story."

"Silence," cried the others, "Lopez has got a story. Listen to the story."

After awhile the noise ceased and Lopez began:

"This is a true story, every word of it is true, so note well what I say. It was three years ago, a young man passing by a cigarette factory saw a lovely girl in plain dress leaving the building. She was beautiful, with a beauty which came from a pure soul and a noble heart. Well, he was young, ardent, and she pleased him. He sought her out, saw that she was virtuous, though poor, and unable to get her any other way he married her in secret, since his rank and his parent's pride forbade him to do so openly."

He paused and turned with a smile toward Margarita. She had suddenly become very pale and her dark eyes met his in a startled question; but without seeming to heed her emotion he continued, measuring each of his words:

"Only those who have truly loved, loved with all the strength of heart and soul, can guess what hours of bliss, what exquisite joys filled the lives of the two married lovers. For two years that happiness continued, then a cloud rose in their sunny sky, and that cloud took the shape of a woman, divinely beautiful, but satanically cruel.

"She was one of those lost creatures which the world supports yet scorns. She had princes and kings at her feet, but her vain heart wanted to possess the man who scorned her. What's the matter, Margarita? you are pale; does my story move you?"

By a powerful effort she overcame her weakness and answered:

"Go on; I am interested. Only pass me more wine, I feel strangely dizzy." And she drank eagerly the glass one of her companions had filled for her. But Lopez continued:

"Seeing that she could not win him she decided to take her from him. It was an easy thing to accomplish, for one night a well-paid assassin struck his blow in the dark; one young life was cut short; one love dream was brought to an end and the next morning all Madrid was shocked to hear of the mysterious murder of the Villa del Rosa."

A smothered cry from Margarita caused all eyes to turn in her direction. She was standing in her place, pale, ghastly, wild. Some of the women rose to go to her, but Lopez said in the same calm voice:

"Don't worry, ladies; I will take care of Margarita, she will soon be well."

The smile had fled from all lips, a current of dread passed among the guests, most faces were pale and in the heart of each was a fear that something was going to happen. Lopez alone remained calm and after forcing Margarita to resume her seat he continued, his words falling like a dirge on the oppressive silence:

"You all know the details of that murder, but what you do not know was the oath the man took over the body of the woman he had loved. He swore that he would find the guilty and avenge her death. He has this night kept that oath."

Margarita gave a wild cry as she started to her feet. Lopez, with a laugh of triumph, concluded:

"The hero of my story is myself. The guilty woman stands yonder. As to my vengeance I achieved it as I drank my death and hers while pronouncing my toast. The wine we drank was poisoned. There is no cure and in an hour we both will be dead. I drank my toast to the most beautiful, the most outwardly perfect woman of the world, but I drank it with a wine which, like her, was venomous, yet which hid its danger in the glitter of its sparkle. A serpent she was; with the venom of a serpent she dies!"

Margarita had remained spellbound by horror, but at his last words she gave one wild cry and fell writhing to the floor. The affair was hushed up and thanks to Lopez's high position, the story was kept out of the papers, but those who witnessed that terrible scene of refined vengeance never forgot the horror of the tragic toast of death!"

A Good Prescription.

Expert John B. Smith says that by draining off the water he can destroy the Jersey mosquito. The same method used upon other Jersey products, remarks the Philadelphia North American, has been found effectual.

A Safe Statement.

It is asserted by one of the scientists that the sun is gradually losing its heat. That is always a pretty safe statement to make at this season of the year, remarks the Chicago Record-Herald.

BOSTON & MAINE R. R.

In Effect June 10, 1907

Trains Leave Portsmouth for Newburyport, Salem, Mass., Lynn, Boston—*3.25, *5.19, **6.25, **7.30, **7.35, ||8.00, **8.15, ||10.00, **10.27, **10.58, **11.05 a. m., **1.48, **1.58, **2.21 ||2.09, a**3.00, *5.00, **6.21, **6.35, ||6.55, **7.25 p. m.

Greenland—**7.35, ||8.00, **8.15, **11.05 a. m., *5.00, **6.35 ||6.55 p. m.

North Hampton, Hampton—**6.25, **7.30, **7.35, ||8.00, **8.15, ||10.00, **11.05 a. m., **2.21, ||2.09, *5.00, **6.35, ||6.55 p. m.

North Berwick—**9.50, ||10.48 a. m., **2.55 p. m.

Biddeford—**9.50, **10.37, ||10.48 a. m., **2.55, w**5.22, *8.50 p. m.

West Kennebunk, Saco—**9.50 a. m., **2.55 p. m.

Portland—**9.50, **10.37, ||10.48 **10.50, **11.25 a. m., **2.55, w**5.22, *8.50, *11.45 p. m.

Dover—**6.00, **7.35, ||8.25, **9.45, ||10.50 a. m., **12.15, **2.48, ||1.20, ||5.00, **5.22, *8.52 p. m.

Wells Beach, Old Orchard—**9.50 a. m., **2.55, w**5.22 p. m.

Somersworth, Rochester, Sanbornville—**9.50, **11.11, a. m., **3.07, **5.30 p. m.

North Conway, Intervale—**9.50, **11.11 a. m., **3.07 p.m.

Greenland Village, Rockingham Junction, Epping, Raymond, Manchester, Concord—**8.30 a. m., **12.49, **5.25 p. m.

* Daily.

**Daily except Sunday.

||Sunday only.

A Express to Boston.

w via Dover.

Detailed information and time tables may be obtained at ticket offices.

D. J. FLANDERS, Pass. Traf. Mgr.
C. M. BURT, Gen. Pass. Agt.

PORTSMOUTH AND EXETER ELECTRIC RAILROAD TIME TABLE

Cars leave Exeter, Boston and Maine station, for Portsmouth—5.45, 7.45 *8.45, 9.45, 11.45 a. m., 1.45, 3.45 5.45, 6.45, 7.45, 9.45, *11.45 p. m

Cars leave Market square, Portsmouth, connecting with cars at Portsmouth Plains for Exeter—6.35, 7.35, 8.35, 10.35 a. m., 12.25, 2.35, 4.35, 5.05, 6.35, 8.35, 10.35 p. m.

Sunday cars start two hours later and run the same as on week days except the 7.35 a. m., and 5.05 p. m. trips, which are cancelled for that day.

*To Stratham only.

U. S. NAVY YARD FERRY TIME TABLE

October 1 Until March 31

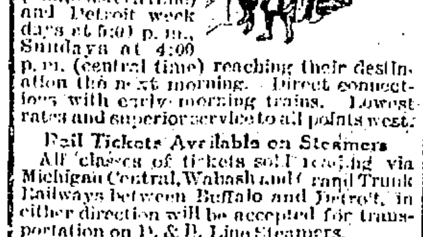
Leaves Navy Yard—8.20, 8.40, 9.15, 10.00, 10.20, 11.15, 11.45 a. m.; 1.35, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.35, 5.00, 1.50, *7.45 p. m. Sundays, 10.00, 10.15 a. m.; 12.15, 12.35 p. m. Holidays, 9.30, 10.35, 11.30 a. m.

Leaves Portsmouth—8.30, 8.50, 9.30, 10.35, 11.00, 11.30 a. m.; 12.15, 1.45, 2.30, 3.30, 4.23, 4.45, 5.30, 6.00, *10.00 p. m. Sundays, 10.07 a. m.; 12.05, 12.25, 12.45 p. m. Holidays, 10.00, 11.00 a. m.; 12.00 m.

*Wednesdays and Saturdays.

C. P. REES,
Captain, U. S. N. Captain of the Yard
Approved: GEO. A. BICKNELL.
Rear Admiral U. S. N., Commandant.

THE WATER WAY BETWEEN BUFFALO AND DETROIT



The D. & B. Line Steamers leave Buffalo daily at 5:30 p.m. (eastern time) and Detroit week days at 5:00 p. m., Sundays at 4:00 p. m. (central time) reaching their destination the next morning. Direct connections with early morning trains. Lowest rates and superior service to all points west.

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113 MARKET STREET.

ATLANTIC SHORE LINE RY.

(Western Division)

In effect Sept. 17, 1906. Subject to change without notice. Unavoidable delays excepted.

Ferry leaves Portsmouth, connecting with cars:

For Eliot, Dover and South Berwick—6.55 a. m., and hourly until 9.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

For Kittery and Kittery Point—6.25, 6.55 a. m., and half hourly until 10.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via P. K. & Y. Div.—6.55 a. m., and every two hours until 4.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.55 a. m.

For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via Eliot and Rosemary—7.55 a. m., and every two hours until 9.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

Cars leave Dover:

For York Beach—8.05 a. m., and every two hours until 10.05 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a. m.

For Portsmouth, Eliot and Kittery—6.05 a. m., and hourly until 10.05 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a. m.

For Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick—6.30 a. m., and hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

Leave Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick:

For Dover, Eliot and Portsmouth—6.00 a. m., and hourly until 10.00 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a. m.

For York—8.00 a. m., and every two hours until 10.00 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a. m.

Leave York Beach:

For Dover and Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick—7.30, 9.30 a. m., and every two hours until 9.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 9.20 a. m.

For Portsmouth, via P. K. & Y. Div. —5.45, 6.30, 8.30 a. m., and every two hours until 4.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

For Portsmouth, via Rosemary and Eliot—7.30, 9.30 a. m., and every two hours until 9.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 9.30 a. m.

Leave Sea Point:

For Portsmouth—6.00 a. m., and half hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.30 a. m.

Leave Rosemary Cottage:

For Portsmouth and Kittery—6.00, 6.30, 7.30 a. m., and hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

Close connections can be made between Dover and York Beach via Eliot, Kittery and Kittery Point.

W. G. MELOON, Gen. Mgr.
Tel. Call—41-2 Portsmouth.

PORTSMOUTH ELECTRIC RY

In effect June 23, 1907.

Subject to Change Without Notice.

Main Line—Leave Portsmouth (Market Square) for Lang's Corner, (Wallis Sands and North Rye Beach), Cable Road (Jenness Beach), Rye Beach, Little Boar's Head and Hampton Beach, connecting for Salisbury Beach, Amesbury, Newburyport, Haverhill and points south and west, 7.05 a. m., 8.05, 8.35, 9.05 a. m. and half hourly until 9.05 p. m., inclusive. Saturdays only 9.35 p. m., Wednesdays and Saturdays only *10.05 and *11.05 p. m. For Cable Road only x§5.35 a. m. For North Hampton, x5.30, x6.35 a. m. For Rye Beach P. O. only, x6.45 a. m. For Little Boars Head Head only, †10.05 p. m. Sunday only, 7.35 a. m., for Little Boars Head and North Hampton. The 5.35 a. m., 7.05, 9.05, 9.35, 11.35 a. m., 12.05 p. m., 1.05, 2.35, 4.05, 6.35, 7.35, 9.05 p. m. cars make connections for North Hampton.

Returning—Leave North Beach (E. H. & A. Junction) 8.05 a. m., 9.05, 9.35, 10.05 a. m., and half hourly until 10.05 p. m., inclusive. Saturdays only, 10.36 p. m. Wednesdays and Saturdays only, 11.05 p. m. Thursdays and Sundays only, 12.05 a. m.

Leave Hampton Beach 20 minutes earlier than above times.

Leave Cable Road, §6.10 a. m. Leave Rye Beach P. O. x7.25 a. m. Leave Little Boars Head, 10.55 p.m., except Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Plains Loop—Via Middle Street and Via Islington Street—Leave Portsmouth (Market Square), §6.35 a. m., x7.05, 7.35 a. m. and half hourly until 10.05, x10.35, x11.05 p. m. Cars leaving Market Square hourly from 6.35 a. m. to 10.35 p. m. connect with Portsmouth and Exeter Street Railway. Via Middle Street only, 10.35 p. m. Sunday. Last cars each night run to car barn only.

Christian Shore Loop—Via Market Street and Via Islington Street—Leave Portsmouth (Market Square), §6.35 a. m., x7.05, 7.35 a. m. and half hourly until 10.05 p. m., x11.35, x11.05 p. m.

Cars via Islington Street arrive at B. & M. Station 16 minutes later than Market Square.

Cars via Market Street arrive at and leave B. & M. Station 4 minutes later than Market Square.

Last cars each night run to car barn only.

*Makes no connection beyond Hampton. §Omitted holidays. xOmitted Sundays. †Runs to North Beach Wednesdays and Saturdays.

For rates and general information address Room 5, Congress Block, Portsmouth, N. H. Telephone 33.

C. M. BURT, G. P. A.
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Cemetery Lots

CARED FOR AND TURFING DONE.

With increased facilities the subscriber is again prepared to take charge of and keep in order such lots in any of the cemeteries of the city as may be intrusted to his care. He will also give careful attention to the turfing and grading of them, also to the cleaning of monuments and headstones, and the removal of bodies. In addition to work at the cemeteries he will do turfing and grading in the city at short notice.

Cemetery lots for sale; also Loam and Turf. Orders left at his residence, corner of Richards Avenue and South Street, or by mail, or with Oliver W. Ham, 61 Market Street, will receive prompt attention.

M. J. GRIFFIN.

THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

The wages of a common soldier in the regular army of Russia do not amount to more than one cent a day, though his food, clothing and equipment are provided by the government. His regular allowance for spending money for all purposes is just a little more than a ruble a year, but extras of various kinds bring the grand total up to a little less than four dollars. This sum is supposed to cover all his expenditures for tobacco, spirits and luxuries of every kind. The enlisted men in the United States army are paid more than three times that amount per month, or about 40 times as much per year. When it is considered how little the Russian private has to spend it is easy to see why he should be eager and quick "on the loot."

The Russian officers are paid a little better, but not so much so as to cause any particular gasping for breath. A Russian lieutenant gets about $200 a year, a captain about $300, and a major $450. It will be seen therefore that such of the Russian officers as have not private means or do not obtain financial assistance from some outside source are forced to live in a condition not far removed from actual poverty. A new uniform to a man who depends on his pay is quite impossible. As a matter of fact, almost all the higher officers come from more or less wealthy families, and if they marry they are supposed to select only rich girls as wives.

The most astonishing strength of the Russian army is in its cavalry branch. The agricultural department at Washington estimates that in all the world there are about 65,000,000 horses. The Russian empire alone has 30,000,000 horses, or nearly half of the grand total. In the regular army of the czar there are no less than half a million horses, and this number in time of war might be easily doubled. How valuable this vast cavalry force may be in the far east may be questioned, for allowing to each horse a daily ration of 25 pounds of fodder and taking it for granted that Manchuria and the adjacent provinces raise little that might be used for horse food, it is hard to see how any large number of horses can be permanently maintained at the far end of a single track railroad more than 5,000 miles long.

In the Russian cavalry, of course, the most picturesque corps is that of the Cossacks. The Cossacks are really professional soldiers. They almost live on horseback, and are the only horsemen in the world who equal the rough riders of the far western states in feats of horsemanship. They come from about the Black sea, and out of a total population of 3,000,000 furnish 150,000 men for the imperial army. The horses and uniforms of the Cossacks are furnished by the various Cossack tribal communities, and in camp the curious tribal signs hang over the entrances to the quarters of each regiment. In active service the Cossacks are the eyes and ears of the Russian army. They are the scouts, the pathfinders, the couriers and orderlies when desperate and dangerous work is to be done. They are much more independent than the common soldiers of the army, and are also treated with much more consideration by the military authorities.

The Cossacks are armed with rifles, without bayonets, with swords, without guards, and the men in the front ranks in each company also carry lances. They take great care of their horses, and are esteemed as among the most daring, tireless and relentless soldiers in the world.

The predominant and characteristic color in the uniforms of the Russian army is dark green. The infantry wear double-breasted blouses and knickerbockers of that color. The footguards and grenadiers have bright colored pipings and facings on their green coats. Some of the lancers wear blue, and the czar's hussars are brilliant in scarlet. The Cossacks wear mostly dark blue or green. But the general effect, the prevailing tone, is dark green, except in the hot months, when white is the leading note.

As to equipment, a Russian infantryman carries 30 rounds of ammunition in his belt, 30 more rounds in a bandoleer hung over his left shoulder underneath his great coat which is carried there done up in a roll, and a final reserve supply of ammunition, consisting of 50 rounds, carried in a pouch which hangs from a strap running over the left shoulder and attached to the belt. From the right shoulder is suspended his waterproof kit bag, and on top of the kit bag is an aluminum water bottle holding a pint and a half. To the great coat is strapped a pair of boots and an aluminum mess dish.

The present Russian army, as an organization, is only about 30 years old. It was established by the imperial ukase of January, 1874, by which the whole male population of the empire, with the exception of certain outlying districts, is made liable to military service, from the beginning of the twenty-first to the end of the forty-third year. Of this time, the first five years are spent in the standing army and the remainder in the militia. In every year more than a million recruits reach the age of military service. The law makes many exceptions among those who are liable to service, and in ordinary years not more than a quarter of a million, and, perhaps, not that many, actually join the colors, the rest going directly into the militia. Education is one of the qualities which cut down the length of service. According to the degree of education which he possesses a young man may have his term of actual military service reduced to three, two, or even one year. It is from this class that most of the officers in the reserve corps or militia are drawn.—Chicago Tribune.

A BICYCLE PROPOSAL

By JOHN WICKLIFFE GRAY.

Until that summer I had never believed that I was a timid man. But the happenings of a few weeks led me to the conclusion that I had my share and more.

A girl with blue eyes did it. As in most cases where a man has found himself face to face with himself, it was a woman who held the mirror.

It was the old story of scouting at love until I met the one girl, and then I wanted to propose. But what with the doubts that assailed me as to the probable reception of a proposal, and my new-born timidity, I could never gather together sufficient courage at the proper time to give expression to the thoughts that kept me awake at night. I carefully formulated plan after plan to rid my mind of its burden, but one after another they came to naught through my disgusting shyness—cowardice, if you will. I am half inclined to believe that Beatrice knew my condition all the time. But she had a keen sense of humor, and I dreaded that silvery laughter more than a whole regiment of regulars. She could grow serious in a moment, and it was this mood I liked best. But, until that sunny day, when my bicycle helped me through, I had always missed the point. It lacked but four days of my departure from the springs, and I knew to delay might mean to fail altogether.

Delay and defeat were the words that hummed through my brain like a sprocket wheel as we spun down the lane that morning. We were out after an early breakfast, and on that short journey a-wheel I had determined to throw all my chances in the balance and find their intrinsic worth. Just how I was going to begin I had not determined, and I thought that for once I would leave the matter open for the seizure of the first opportunity.

The morning air was crisp and cool. The roadside flowers seemed nodding us a cheery good morning in the light breeze. Now and then from the trees came the call of a bird, and, making a shiny black streak in the air, a crow would bend his flight to a lonely tree in the fields, calling to his mate. Once a rabbit watched us from down the lane with what I imagined was a quizzical expression, and when we had come quite close, sped through the underbrush with the rattle of a dry twig.

Bee and I had said little until we reached the bread pile.

"Want to race?" she called back to me from her point of vantage a few lengths ahead. Now I knew what that meant. Bee was the better rider, for instead of taking a course of indoor physical culture she had adopted golf, tennis and a bicycle as the most enjoyable method of obtaining exercise and health.

"Trying to tease," I said. "But go ahead. I'll do my best. Want to bet anything?"

"No, not when I am certain of the result," she laughed.

I grinned appreciation and asked: "How far?"

"The two mile post," she cried, and we were off.

Bee sprinted, and so did I. But the distance between us remained about the same, and precluded conversation, even had not the pace attained the same end.

Soon the sprockets were singing a steady song to pebbles that spun backward from the rubber tires. We were running at 20 miles an hour down the best piece of road in the section.

I settled to a steady speed, not quite my best, and Bee did the same, saving strength for the last half mile. The wind whistled a merry tune to the time we kept with our pedals. A covey of partridges fled with sharp chirps at our whirlwind advance. I felt and noticed little else beside the trim figure, with flying wisps of brown hair, just ahead of me.

Of a sudden Bee began to draw ahead of me.

"Put your heart into the game," she called back to me, with her head half turned as she spoke. She was laughing out of pure enjoyment of the exercise, and perhaps my probable discomfiture. My pride was nettled, and it must have increased my strength to a considerable degree. Soon I was close behind her, and with the wheels buzzing like mad things I was even. One more spurt, and by a tremendous effort I was ahead!

"Get your hand in the game," I called back, paraphrasing her own slang. "My heart and your hand," I added by the force of an inspiration, "a match race!"

The second mile post was not more than a hundred yards ahead, and I was beginning to believe I should win. I had no time to look back, fearing a loss of my little gain.

But neither was to have the victory. Bee's front wheel advanced slowly, but surely, until it was even with my handle-bars, and as we arrived opposite the post, we were side by side.

It was a tie!

"You got your hand in," I laughed later under the trees where we were seated.

"Yes," she agreed.

"And my whole heart was in it," I added, cautiously.

The blue eyes looked into mine and seemed to read what was there. And then in the fear that my shyness would return, I said quickly, incoherently:

"Your hand, my heart, a match, the tie—Bee—" and—

Well, our bicycle will accompany us on the honeymoon, even though it be as excess baggage.

A Horrible Probability.

The American novelists at the front in Asia are not being heard from with any regularity, and there is a horrible suspicion on the part of the newspapers which are paying their expenses that they may be writing historical romances instead of forwarding the news.

A RAY OF SUNLIGHT.

The afternoon was warm. I was seated at my desk, hurrying through my letters, my tense nerves irritated to an unconscious degree by a wavering ray of sunshine which came through a rent in the curtain.

I had given orders that no one should be admitted except the post boy, and I was wrestling with my letters and expecting him every moment, when I heard upon my door a knock, first timid and then more decided. As it was the habit of my boy to so express his advent, I sang out: "Come in, can't you?" and did not look up.

The persistent ray, engineered by the breeze—against which I felt rising wrath as my papers began to flutter—caused me to push my manuscript to the farther side, and wheel around with my back to the intruder.

I continued my writing, glancing occasionally at the clock, and finally I said:

"I'll be hanged if you won't have to watch that door to-morrow and keep out everybody except those who come to pay bills."

"How shall I know them?" said a soft voice, whereupon I swung back, that ray so dazzling my eyes that I could see but an indistinct object in the farther corner.

Gradually the shape resolved itself into a blonsed maiden of straight, slender proportions; gray eyes that looked at me steadily with no suggestion of the hidden thought; hands devoid of gloves, loosely clasped, and hair—well, that mischievous sunbeam accounted for its brightness—and a manner indicated by the last knock.

Recovering myself. "How did you get in?" I asked, more bluntly than politely.

"Through the door, in response to your invitation," she answered, quietly.

"Humph!" I ejaculated, with growing interest; then remembering myself—

"Excuse me, but I had given orders that no one should be admitted, and I expected only my post boy. What can I do for you? Be seated, will you?"

She was standing.

"Thank you, no. In justice to your employes, I must tell you the rooms were empty, so I came directly to your door."

"Oh! yes—I had forgotten. Well"—with a glance at the unfinished letters—"how can I serve you?"

"I want something to do," she said, and then I was reminded of the first knock.

"What can you do?"

"Oh! anything," quite innocently.

"The person I need requires experience."

"I can get experience," she calmly announced, "and I must have employment."

I felt that there was but one alternative, and she saw it, so seating myself resignedly in my chair, I said:

"Pray, be seated, and we will talk this matter over. Have you ever reported?"

"For a newspaper?—no."

"Well, that is what I want—a reporter—some one who can report—"

"Report what?" she interrupted.

"Oh! anything of interest that is happening in the town, country or anywhere."

"Anywhere?" interrogatively.

"Yes, or anybody."

I wondered how snakes felt under the gaze of their charmers.

"You want me to report anybody?" and from where I don't know came a dainty lilac pencil and a small notebook.

Feeling that I was fairly trapped, I said, desperately:

"Yes—write."

"About what?"—pencil suspended.

"About the thing that has most interested you lately, and bring it on Thursday that I may know your style."

This was Tuesday, so two days later, as I opened my office door, there sat my latest reporter with a typewritten manuscript loosely folded in her hands.

"Good morning. I have brought your manuscript in good time, I hope."

"Well, yes, you are certainly prompt," I could not help saying. "I am glad it is typewritten."

"I always typewrite my manuscript," she replied.

"You have reported before?" I said, quickly.

"Oh! no," decidedly. "Shall I wait?" rising.

"Yes, you had better, in case this is not what I want."

I certainly caught a gleam of humor then and turned to the perusal with interest.

"Is it accepted?" she said, demurely.

"Why, of course," I ejaculated, feeling that I had secured a treasure, and thinking of the numberless interviews which had been denied former reporters, and how well this one could manage them.

"I just wanted to know," she said, rising and putting up the notebook. "I'll ask you please to return that manuscript! It is only one of a series that I am to write on the difficulties which women experience in forging to the front, and as it rightly belongs to the —— Woman's club, of which I am president, I cannot dispose of it."

"Miss S—?" I exclaimed, recalling a well-known man's daughter.

"The same," she said, now laughing.

"I am a friend of your father's," I said, remembering the gleaming hair, and trying to reconcile all the circumstances.

"Yes, he told me. You know, I have but recently returned from abroad. We shall be glad to see you."

"Thank you," I said, feeling dazed, and attending her to the door.

"Is this your custom with all your reporters?"

"When they report as well as you do."

I never got over the dazzle of that sunlight on her hair, and that manuscript is kept as our most priceless treasure—by my wife and myself.—Illustrated Bits.

CURING A COLD.

When Kewlaine yielded so far to the solicitation of Mrs. Kewlaine as to allow her to heat some water for the cure of his cold he felt that he had conceded rather more, perhaps, than he should have done. Nevertheless, having admitted the cold and permitted the water, he made up his mind that the thing should be done thoroughly. When Mrs. Kewlaine came up with the kettle, therefore, she found her husband making active preparations to that end. He had dragged the coverlets off the bed and had placed a cane-bottomed chair over the register and was sitting counting out quinine capsules.

"Don't touch that chair, please," said Kewlaine, as she attempted to remove it. "I want that just where it is."

"What in the world—"

"Never mind. I will explain later. Did you bring up the mustard?"

"No. Did you want a poultice?"

"How your mind runs on poultices," said Kewlaine, irritably. "No, I intend to put my feet in mustard and water, if you've no objection. I thought you understood that. And get me a hot lemonade, please."

Mrs. Kewlaine sighed and left the room. In the meantime Kewlaine disrobed and wrapped himself in the coverlets and seated himself on the bed. When Mrs. Kewlaine came back she brought the mustard can with her. She poured the hot water from the kettle into the foot tub and added two tablespoonfuls of mustard, under Kewlaine's watchful eye.

"I want that mustard in there as a counter-irritant," said Mr. Kewlaine. "I don't want to flavor the water. Kindly empty in the rest of the tin."

"You'll blister your feet."

"You mean well, but that's my business," he said. "My feet are tougher than you imagine. I'm no homeopath. The rest of the tin, please. Thank you. Now, I will explain what I am going to do. I am going to sit in that chair over the register with these comforts enveloping my manly form and including the footbath. In a few minutes I will trouble you to turn the heat off in the registers downstairs, in order to throw it all up here. In that way I shall get all the benefits of a Turkish bath without any of the expensive apparatus sold as substitutes. I will then take ten grains of quinine and sip some scalding lemonade."

"If you take ten grains of quinine you'll kill yourself," protested Mrs. Kewlaine. "Henry, you worry me so."

Kewlaine made no reply, but moved in his robes of dignity over to the chair. He sat down—and promptly got up.

"Great Scott!" he shouted. "The blamed thing is red-hot!"

Mrs. Kewlaine bit her lip. After a moment, in which she succeeded in gaining control of her voice, she expressed her sympathy. Kewlaine said that what he wanted was another chair and not sympathy. Another chair was procured and the feet tub was moved over to the register. Kewlaine put his feet in the water and then abruptly removed them to the register. Neither seemed to satisfy him, so he stuck them straight out before him and requested Mrs. Kewlaine not to stand there staring, but to fetch him some cold water. When the water in the tub was reduced to a proper temperature he immersed his feet and drew the coverlets around him, leaving only his head out.

"Ah!" he said, almost good-humoredly. "This is something like. Now, my dear, if you'll get me the quinine I think I will take that first."

"But not ten grains," protested Mrs. Kewlaine.

"Ten grains isn't a grain too much. If you take quinine at all you want to take plenty."

Mrs. Kewlaine gave him the medicine, and then prepared the hot lemonade. She placed it before him on the table.

"Well," he said, impatiently, "do you think I can drink it by looking at it? I can't take my hands out of here."

Mrs. Kewlaine held the tumbler to his lips and he took a sip. "Tilt it a little more," he said. She tilted it and he choked and spilled it over the coverlet.

"Well, if you are not a born nurse!" he said, sarcastically, when he recovered his breath. "I didn't ask you to drown me. Now, try it again and look at my eye. When I wink take the glass away."

By means of this signal the hot liquid was at last successfully swallowed, and Kewlaine said the time had come to turn on the heat. He was already perspiring copiously and Mrs. Kewlaine ventured to suggest that there was heat enough. He glared at her and she withdrew.

As she was coming up the stairs again she heard Kewlaine shrieking, so she hastened.

"For heaven's sake go down and turn that off again!" he shouted, as she entered, breathless and agitated. "I didn't mean you to turn the whole furnace on me at once. I wanted one register shut off at a time."

Mrs. Kewlaine ran downstairs and reopened the registers and returned to the bedroom. By this time little rivulets were running down Kewlaine's face, which was a bright scarlet in color, and he was calling for towels. He seemed quite put out when she was about to leave the room to get some out of the linen closet.

"Oh, haven't you any sense?" he asked, rudely. "I want my face wiped. This is blinding me. Get a pocket handkerchief or a sheet or any old thing, but get it quick."

Mrs. Kewlaine lifted a corner of a coverlet and was at once reproached for letting the cold air in. But that passed. After a little she suggested that he has tortured himself enough, but he insisted on staying for 15 minutes longer. When at last he rose to get into bed he overturned the foot tub and the water ran down the register.

The next morning Mrs. Kewlaine telephoned for the doctor. She said her husband was very weak and she was alarmed.—Chicago Daily News.

THE MAN HE KNEW.

"Oh, let's give it all up and go to the devil," said Barton, otherwise known as the "slinger of pigments," throwing himself down on the coverless divan; "everybody's out of town, there's nobody to borrow from or sell to, or—anything!"

Overton shifted his pipe to get more tongue room behind his teeth.

"Does look kind of—plainly buttered," he said, glancing around the bare studio. Floor and walls had long since been delivered of everything pawnable. "What about that old Mrs. Howard? Doesn't she tell you to let her know if there was anything she could do for you?"

"Yes, but she didn't mean lend money, and I can't sell a canvas I couldn't even make a pretense of showing her—no, nor so much as the price of a bit to begin a new study," he finished under his breath. "I've borrowed all I can from Sid and Bolton."

"See here," began Overton, again, "I've an idea—of course you'll scout and flout it, and say you wouldn't condescend to such a thing, but, nevertheless, man, it's a stroke of genius in fact, it's a regular dispensation of Providence, and, well—I can't see anything else for it."

"Fire away," said Barton, with set teeth.

"Oh, it isn't so bad as that," returned the other, as he comfortably disposed his No. 11's on a corner of the mantel. "It's really very simple. Just go to the old lady and tell her you know a man who is in great trouble—financial trouble. Of course you wouldn't think of approaching her on such a matter if the case were not an extreme one, and the man a most worthy character."

The expression on Barton's face caused his companion to suddenly bring his feet down to earth and indulge in an aside of the risibles.

"But, seriously, now, Barton, you can do it, and it will save the day. You can conscientiously expatiate on the sad particulars of the case, the Lord knows you ought to be able to do that with fervor enough, and tell her that he wouldn't accept it as anything but a loan."

Overton dangled a slipper. "Well, I'll do it, if you won't. I tell you, it's an inspiration; I know it will succeed. I'll head the list with $50, and—"

"Just the figure of my last I. O. U. to you," interrupted the man on the divan.

The slipper was returned with interest. "And Sid and Bolton can subscribe, and—"

"And give a jolly good grind on me for all eternity, and my name will be Dennis wherever the English language is spoken," again interrupted the morose recumbent.

"Now, just you hold up till I get you in the spirit of the thing," persisted the arch-flatterer before him, "just wait till I tell you how it's done. It's a stroke of pure inspiration, man, and it mustn't be wasted. Now, listen," and he exhausted his vocabulary on the advantages of his scheme.

Barton held by his ruling, then he laughed, and he succumbed. It was agreed that the name of the unhappy mortal on whose behalf the subscription was to be raised should not be disclosed to Mrs. Howard—out of deference to his sensitive nature, of course. He was a struggling embryo genius, in temporary distress, but sure to make his way and repay a thousandfold the good people who gave him a helping hand now.

Barton swallowed all his natural impulses and entered into the spirit of the thing at last. He put on Overton's evening suit and his own sole remaining white tie, he donned a gardenia and bied him to the home of Mrs. Howard. No, she had not left town, and she would be glad to have him come right up. Barton wasn't a bad looking chap, and Mrs. Howard was not long past the susceptible age of 40 and thereabouts.

They chatted affectionately on all things under the sun for some 30 minutes or more, and then Barton skillfully led the conversation around to the heart-breaking case of "the man he knew." He acquitted himself with the tact and earnestness with which he stated the matter. He recounted the details of his situation, and so worked upon her sympathies with the fiction of a homeless wife and helpless babies that he plainly detected tears in her eyes.

At the opportune moment he produced the subscription book, wherein $50 was set down opposite his own initials, though the names of the three other philanthropists were written out in full. Mrs. Howard at once recognized his generosity with a look of admiration. Knowing him to be but a struggling artist himself, and, putting her own name beneath it, dittoed the fifty, and added another magic circle to the right of it. Barton stifled his ever-recurring impulse to make a clean breast of it, thanked her fervently in behalf of the man he knew, and promised to give her news of him in the near future. Visions of paid debts and new canvases and filled orders danced before his eyes as he hurried home to the waiting Overton.

Somehow or other it seemed the turning point in the uncertain tide of their affairs. A long-delayed check came from a patron who had thoughtlessly gone abroad the day after his order was sent home, and new orders arrived from others on whom Barton had previously expended a wealth of persuasive eloquence apparently in vain. He returned Mrs. Howard's half thousand within two months and took her out to a little breakfast, besides. He was out of the woods at last, and he agreed with his admiring patroness that his luck had indeed seemed to turn on account of his unselfish effort in behalf of that man he knew.—N. Y. Times.

THE HERALD.

MINIATURE ALMANAC

JUNE 29.

SUN RISES	4:10	MOON RISES	10:41 P. M.
SUN SETS	7:25	FULL SEA	01:45 A. M. / 02:15 P. M.
LENGTH OF DAY	15 15		

Last Quarter, July 2d, 9h. 34m., morning, W.
New Moon, July 10th, 10h 17m., morning, E.
First Quarter, July 18th, 8h. 12m., morning, E.
Full Moon, July 24th, 11h. 30m., evening, E.
Last Quarter, July 31st, 9h. 26m., evening, E.

HAVE YOUR PAPERS FORWARDED

SUBSCRIBERS GOING AWAY FOR SUMMER VACATIONS MAY HAVE THEIR PAPERS FORWARDED TO THEIR TEMPORARY ADDRESS, WHETHER THEY ARE ABSENT FOR LONG OR SHORT PERIODS, WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE. KEEP IN TOUCH WITH EVENTS AT HOME BY HAVING YOUR LOCAL PAPER SENT TO YOUR PLACE OF SOJOURN.

THE TEMPERATURE

At two o'clock this afternoon THE HERALD'S thermometer registered seventy-eight degrees above zero.

CITY BRIEFS

The Glorious Fourth is almost upon us.

Rumors of business changes are again in circulation.

Illegal liquor dealers in York are having a hard time.

This is the harvest season of the automobile repairman.

The Frank Jones Bottling Company is having a busy season.

Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.

Can you see that the days are decreasing in length a little?

June weddings were not as numerous this year as in the past.

Will Independence day be a safer and saner holiday this year?

Preparations are being made for an active season at Green Acre.

Entries are beginning to come in for the veteran firemen's muster.

Summer timetables are now in effect on all steam and trolley lines.

For once in many years the soldier boys had good weather in Concord.

The next probate court session will be held in this city on Tuesday.

Portsmouth has placed its first fatal automobile accident on record.

The electrical storms caused lots of trouble for the telephone companies.

John Follansbee will have charge of the livery stables at the Hotel Wentworth this Summer.

The hedges around the High School building which were Winter killed have started to shoot up once more.

The Fourth and the circus will make the month of July a notable one in the calendar of the small boy.

It will be a fine job of street work when the paving is put down on Vaughan street and Maplewood avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Wood have erected a fine camp at the Portsmouth Country Club which they will occupy this summer.

The Summer time on the western division of the Atlantic Shore line goes into effect today, with half-hourly cars to York Beach.

The Hotels Wentworth opened today, and Manager Frank C. Hall expects a good number for the first day. The help arrived on Friday.

It will mean a little more expense for the police department if it has to have an up-to-date arrangement for chasing speeding automobiles.

The sports at the North End are now claiming that the strong man of that district lately lifted a half-ton of coal. What is he going to do next?

"I suffered habitually from constipation. Doan's Regulets relieved and strengthened the bowels, so that they have been regular ever since." —A. E. Davis, grocer, Sulphur Springs, Tex.

SPECIAL RATE FOR PORTSMOUTH PEOPLE

The management of the Isles of Shoals has arranged for special rates for parties from Portsmouth and vicinity for supper, lodging and breakfast, including fare on steamer each way of $2.50. This ought to prove a popular move, enabling Portsmouth people to entertain their friends at moderate cost. Inquire at ticket office for tickets to include the entire expense.

Cheapest accident insurance—Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Stops the pain and heals the wound. All druggists sell it.

MISS COLEMAN A BRIDE

Is United in Marriage to J. Horace Peverly

WEDDING AT CAMP POMEKA ON LAKE WENTWORTH SHORES

At Camp Pomeka on the shores of Lake Wentworth, near Wolfeboro, occurred the marriage today of Miss Florence Belle Coleman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred B. Coleman of this city, and J. Horace Peverly of Lynn, formerly of Portsmouth.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. John A. Goss of York, in the presence of the members of the immediate families of the bride and groom and a few intimate friends.

The bride was daintily and charmingly attired and was attended by Miss Florence Drew of Newington. The best man was William Peverly, brother of the groom.

The attractive camp was made additionally beautiful by decorations of wild flowers and greenery, presenting much the appearance of a woodland bower. After the ceremony, there was an informal reception and a lunch.

Miss Coleman is one of the most highly regarded young ladies in Portsmouth. She has always lived in this city and her friends are legion. Mr. Peverly is a very popular and a much respected young man and a native of Portsmouth. Before leaving here for Lynn he was deeply interested in local affairs. He was long captain of Company B, Second Regiment, New Hampshire National Guard.

After a short wedding tour, Mr. and Mrs. Peverly will reside in Lynn. The best wishes of many friends accompany them in their new relation and the esteem in which they are held was attested by a great number of beautiful gifts.

NEWSPAPER MEN

Will Be Guests in This City and Vicinity

A great throng of newspaper men, members of the New Hampshire Press Association, will come to Portsmouth late this afternoon and will pass Sunday in this vicinity.

This evening at Hotel Rockingham they will be guests at a banquet in honor of the 150th anniversary of the New Hampshire Gazette, given by F. W. Hartford. After the banquet, they will board special electric cars for Hampton Beach, where they will pass the night and have breakfast.

Tomorrow they will return to this city and go to the Isles of Shoals, where they will have dinner at Hotel Oceanic. Returning late in the afternoon, they will take the evening trains for home.

Many of the visitors will be accompanied by their wives.

JUDGE ALDRICH APPOINTED

As forecasted by The Herald, Judge Edgar Aldrich has been appointed master to determine the competency of Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, by Judge Chamberlain of the superior court.

DOING BUSINESS AT DOVER

It is surprising how many of the residents of Kittery and Eliot do their trading in Dover. Portsmouth merchants should offer some inducement to bring them here.

TRAINS WERE LATE

The 6.17 and 7.30 p. m. passenger trains from the east were away behind time on Friday evening, owing to a wreck on the Maine Central railroad.

WHY THIS APATHY?

The old handtub Franklin Pierce has not been pulled out for a trial this season, as yet. It looks as if her crew is resting for the muster or possibly the new paint is not dry.

OBITUARY

John W. Downing

The death occurred this morning at his home, 7 Myrtle avenue, of John W. Downing, aged sixty-seven years.

Soothes itching skin. Heals cuts or burns without a scar. Cures piles, eczema, salt rheum, any itching. Doan's Ointment. Your druggist sells it.

KODAK

GET all there is to summer time—with a Kodak. Whether you motor by land or by sea, ride the wheel or spend your vacation on a yacht—for all outings don't leave Kodak behind. Picture making the Kodak way is delightfully simple, certain and inexpensive. It's all by daylight.

Brownie Cameras, $1.00 to $9.00
Kodaks, $5.00 to $35
Kodak Developing Boxes, $1.00

H. P. MONTGOMERY
6 Pleasant St., Opp. P. O.

AS A HERALD MAN SEES IT.

Colored Boy Stirs Things Up

Everybody knows what small boys will do for amusement and most any idea that may enter their young minds will lead them into mischief, but the queerest freak that a lad could take was placed to the credit of an urchin a few days ago on the lumber wharf of Thomas E. Call on Green street. A little colored boy was seen meandering down the wharf, where several thousand shingles are piled up in tiers and nobody at work nearby took any particular notice of the lad until they heard several heavy splashes in the water.

Down Goes the Lumber

Their attention was attracted in the direction of the shingle pile and as they stood and gazed for a few minutes, thinking somebody had fallen overboard, they saw bunch after bunch of the roofing material sway back and forth and finally land in the river. They ran to the end of the wharf and there they discovered the colored lad with a genuine watermelon smile on his face pushing the lumber over into the stream. You can safely wager that he got the hook, but not before he had twelve thousand of the nice new stock floating in the river near Noble's Island, with Les Thompson and his fast motor boat doing a chase to gather it in. There is no longer a playground for the boy on any of Mr. Call's property. "Tom" says this lad needs the shingle badly and in the usual place where bad boys get it.

Up Went the Beer

A few days ago, while one of the shifting engines was at work in the railroad yard, there was a performance of a character very seldom seen. The switcher struck a string of cars on a sidetrack and the last car on the string, which was loaded with beer, was pushed so hard that it rode completely over a large wooden bunter on Bridge street, four or five feet from the ground. Railroad men say they have seen funny jobs before, but nothing to equal this one.

It Should be a Warning

It appears that the sad accident which ended in the death of the child on Congress street one day this week was not warning enough to other boys and they can be seen in large numbers daily doing funny stunts on bicycles when they get on the paved street. They are certainly taking big chances and instead of getting more careful, they are becoming more reckless. Only a few days ago a lad named Morrill, seven years of age, in Amesbury, had a narrow escape from losing his life by riding a wheel too rapidly and running into an electric car, badly injuring his head and arms. The lad barely missed going under the wheels of the car and being crushed to death.

The Chinamen are Blowing Themselves

The men who represent the soliciting committee of the veteran firemen are meeting with surprises in one way or another in trying to collect money for the big muster, which comes off in August. The biggest surprise of all was when one of the solicitors took it into his head to call on the proprietors of the Chinese laundries of the city. His brother collectors gave him the laugh and told him he was wasting his time, but it appears that he was not, for he talked right off the reel to the Celestials and whether they expect to see every fireman with a white shirt front or not, they each and every one handed the solicitor money for the general fund. They asked no questions, but appeared pleased to help out.

Two Days Stop Here for Forepaugh

The appearance of the Forepaugh and Sells Brothers circus in this city will be of more importance than ever before. The circus will, of course, lay off here on Sunday and the people will have more chance than usual to see the workings of the show and how things are managed. Another thing of great interest connected with the show in Portsmouth is the feeding of the animals and the furnishing of food and other necessities for the large company which the show carries. A stop of two days in a city means something for those who have the contract to furnish what supplies are needed during that time.

PERSONALS

Mrs. Fred Sanborn is visiting in Manchester.

Mrs. John J. Berry, who was injured by a fall on Friday, is suffering from a fracture of the right leg above the knee.

Police Officer Thomas Burke is passing a vacation of ten days at Old Orchard. During his absence, Officer Shaw is covering his beat.

Mrs. John G. Swetser and son, who were called here by the illness of Mrs. Sweetser's father, have returned to their home in Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Archie Boott, formerly employed at the plant of the Rockingham County Light and Power Company, has taken a position with the Portsmouth Furniture Company.

Mrs. Emma B. Wendell, past president of the Rebekah Assembly of the state, has been the guest of Mrs. Martha A. Prescott, the present president of the assembly, in Laconia.

William E. Shannon of Lynn, a former telegraph operator at the railroad station in this city and later employed by the General Electric Company, has taken the position of operator at Ossipee for the Summer.

Mrs. Mary A. P. White of this city was elected historian of the New Hampshire Society of Colonial Dames at the annual meeting in Exeter on Friday. Rev. H. E. Hovey read a paper on "Social Distinctions in Colonial Times," and Mrs. White told old time stories.

APPRAISERS APPOINTED

Will Fix the Price of the Agamenticus Water Company

At Portland on Friday, the appointment was made of three appraisers to fix a price for the purchase by the Kittery Water District of the plant of the Agamenticus Water company.

The men named were Judge Levi D. Turner of Portland, Arthur S. Kimball of Norway and Willis T. Emmons of Saco.

PORT OF PORTSMOUTH

Arrivals at and Departures From Our Harbor June 28

Arrived

Tug Portland, MacDuffie, Boston, towing barge No. 6, Baltimore, with 1,570 tons of coal to A. W. Walker; tug sailed for Portland.

Tug M. Mitchell Davis, Hoyt, Cape Porpoise, towing barge No. 20, for Baltimore; (reports passed tug Scandinavia towing coal laden schooner Florence M. Penley, Newport News for Cape Porpoise, just entering her destination).

Tug Prudence, Willin, Fort Point, Me., towing barges Manheim from Bangor and Oley from Portland; picked up barge Burnside and sailed for Philadelphia.

Cleared

Schooner S. P. Blackburn, Frost, coal port, and sailed.

Barge No. 22, Baltimore.

Sailed

Schooner Smith Tuttle, Boston.

Schooner Clara E. Comee, Bath.

In Port

Barge Molino from Philadelphia, with 1,650 tons of coal to A. W. Walker.

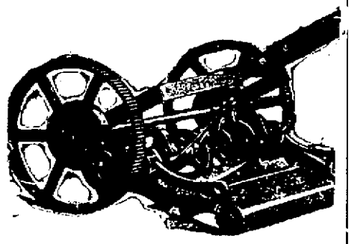
Light variable winds.

POLICE COURT

Sabbatino Deprofio was before Judge Simes in police court this morning, charged with an assault on his wife. Through his attorney, the case was continued until Monday morning at ten o'clock.

Alex Smith and John Florence, who were to be heard for fighting, have both left town and the case was not prossed.

The new snap match has them all beaten.



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BRACELETS
Fine Line at
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Sacramento Chinese Restaurant
American and Chinese Dishes. Chop Suey a Specialty. All kinds of meats, Chicken and Soups served in American and Chinese style. Orders put up to take out.
Lunch from five cents upward.
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Up one flight

COOL CLOTHES

The Weather Man will soon be getting down to business.
He'll be dealing out his real sunny days right along now.
If you want to be fixed for them, better get into a nice cool Suit very soon.
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Partying, no matter what you do or where you go, here's everything wearable to make it go right.
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Can you afford to take a chance of losing your time by accident or sickness when for $1.00 per month the North American Accident Company will pay you for all time lost?
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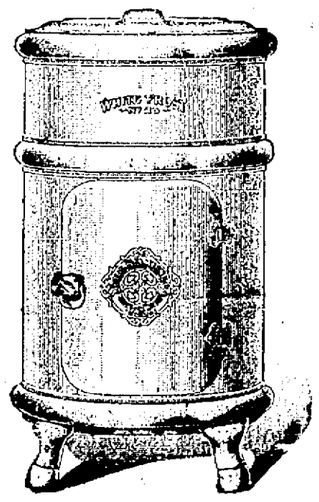

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